

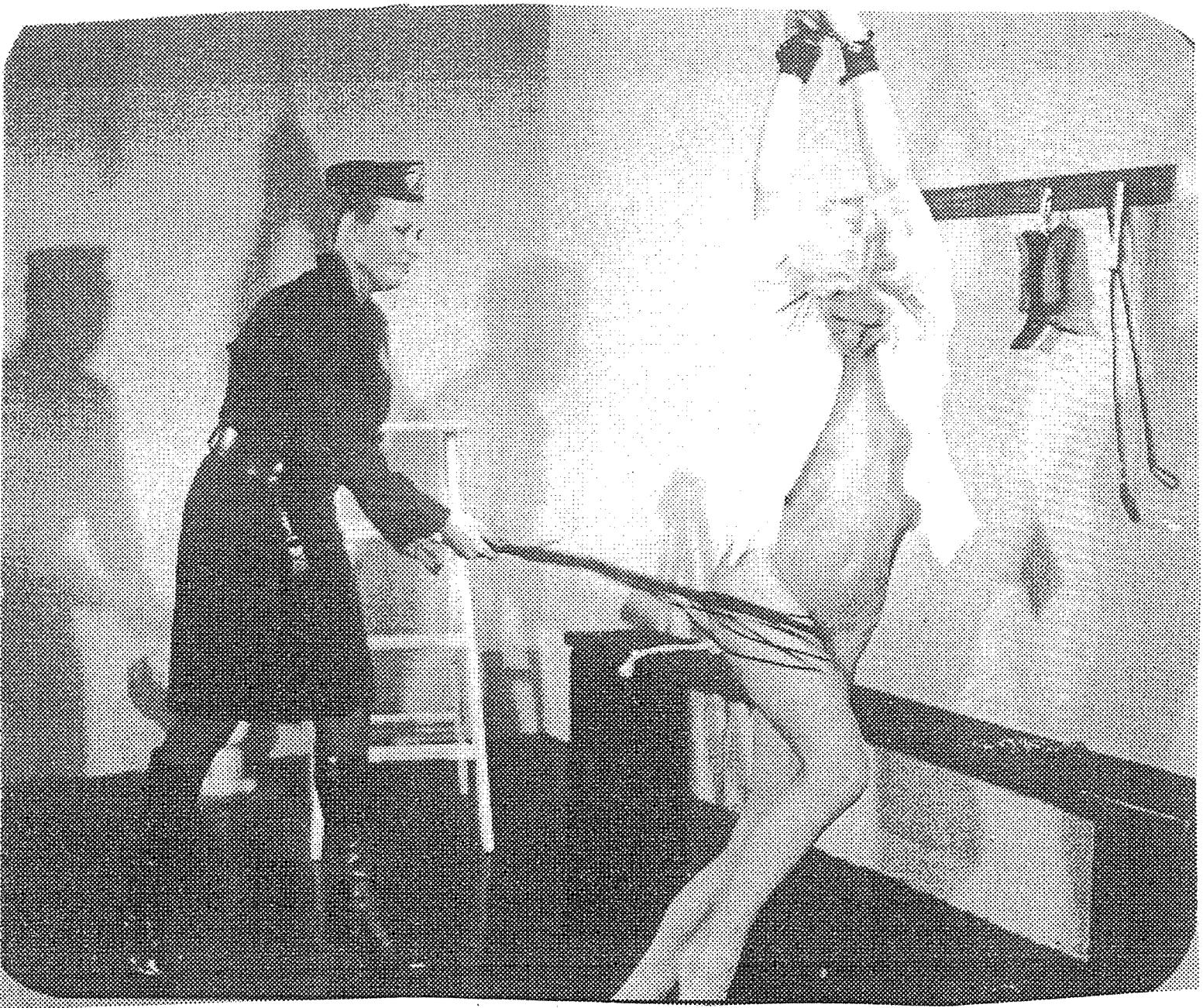
METASEX

A journal of sexual curiosity

THE ROUGHIES



An experience in subjection...



METASEX

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UNDERNEATH THE BIG TOP



THE STORY OF A SECOND CLASS STUD

by

Michelle Clifford

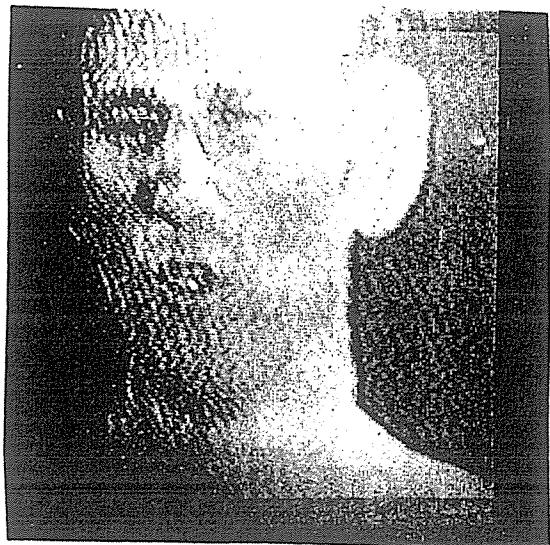
Dave Ruby had a nice joint and it had brought him places. He had no difficulty in executing a public sex act, and it made him one of New York's busiest second-string porn actors. Although a lunkhead, Ruby was a card carrying Cuban Superman with an astonishingly complex set of sexual patterns.

Like a gunslinger in an Italian western, Ruby had crossed everyone's path at least once. From a woman's viewpoint he looked as if he was a dockworker named Stretch from Queens, loading and unloading, never to be in any form of thought process. Ruby was vaguely a jock type in that faceless Chuck Connors way. He looked like your typical phys-ed teacher: 6'2", balding with a thinning blonde cotton candy comover, hairy neck, square chest. His age was difficult to determine; he could be in his mid thirties or 55.

In 1977, Ruby had acquired the triumphant title of Mr. Big Top in a special beauty contest conducted at the Amero Brothers' all-male Big Top Theater located at West 49th Street and Broadway in Times Square. Ruby competed in an event of male exhibitionism amongst a sea of contestants populated by fake cowboys, clones in construction worker garb, a sprinkle of chunky leathermen, and a few hostile aging street

hustlers. Ruby was a throwback to the old days of Athletic Model Guild bodybuilders, so he turned up for the contest in a neat haircut and decked out in a simple, tight 99¢ polyester bikini. Ruby struck a few poses, flexed his muscles and voila! -- nostalgia overwhelmed the house. He was the winner! Ruby was crowned Mr. Big Top. He was on top of the world.

As the new reigning Mr. Big Top, Ruby's role at the theater was in a customer service capacity. He'd show up to dance, pose and greet ticket buyers a few times a week.



Dave Ruby

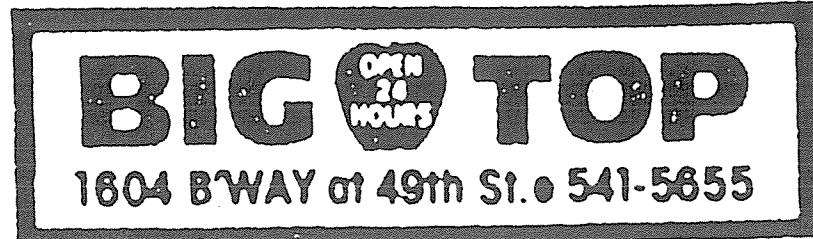


Photo: Michelle

Next, and on top of everything, it was another credit to add to his acting resume. Ruby made up a fresh 8 by 10 black and white photo of himself clad in the bikini striking one of his dramatic muscle poses. On the back he listed his extensive sex film roles, and a couple of small legit walk-ons. He also listed his slew of winnings in bodybuilding contests at small local gyms. But the biggest mention on his resume was of his 1977 triumph as Mr. Big Top. It was probably the most profound of his portfolio.

Each time a director in New York City was casting for an imminent porn movie, Ruby's photo would arrive in the mail. He

worked for below going rates, helping him to be more ubiquitous, but some directors didn't want an old muscleman, despite Ruby's bargaining. Ruby seemed as archaic and out of place as a leftover greaser dealing with a bunch of 1980s sexual Nazis. However, what little market was left for an aging muscleman, Ruby had it quietly cornered.

Ruby's more velour roles include *October Silk*, in which he lay incapacitated in a hospital bed, swathed in bandages that hid his creeping baldness. Juggs icon Lisa De Leuw blows him and he emits fluid with a questionable groan. *Mother Truckers* features him delightfully pixilated, a muscleman flip book that poses and flexes before a giddy little country blonde, a Ruby show of preening.

Although he seemingly had no personal inclination towards S&M, he also wasn't put off by it. Ruby was a roughie regular. He got the job done, and he fit the roughie stereotype stricture of clueless looking musclebound men in aggressor roles. Ruby acted in numerous movies by notorious Avon Films' directors Joe Davian, Carter Stevens, Shaun Costello and Phil Prince. Davian used Ruby's sexual bluntness so effectively as a porno shutterbug in *Revenge and Punishment*, that Ruby reprised the role in

Costello's *Mistress Electra*. In Costello's kidnapping melodrama *Prisoner of Pleasure*, Ruby has the best line: "I get horny when I'm worried." Good thing, too. Lesser professionals would have vomited, because what ensues in a shocking, multi-sided orgy showcasing Long Jeanne Silver's stumpfucking abilities.

In Phil Prince's faux documentary *Painmainia*, Ruby is resplendent in a leather bikini and flexing his pecs when interviewed



Ruby's moment of ecstasy

about his sexual habits. He claims to "prefer to be dominant" and takes umbrage when questioned if S&M prevents him from enjoying normal sex. "What kind of a question is that?! Of course I like normal sex!"

Ruby's most bizarre and hilarious roughie role was in Carter Stevens' *Wicked Schoolgirls*, where he's wearing that silly leather bikini again, this time shamefully with a ladies' black garter belt, as Velvet Summers has him perform like a gigantic poodle. "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window" wafts over the soundtrack. .

A real plus to Ruby's career was that he had no problem in close sexual situations with other men. Ruby has a three way with George Payne and Merle Michaels in *Afternoon Delight*, and a double vaginal insertion with Steve Tucker in *Mistress Electra*. The most jarring Ruby performance in this respect was as a psychiatrist in the ghetto video title, *Orgy Party*, where he's billed as the misspelt "Dave Rudy." *Orgy Party* offers a peek at the lavender motivation of pigfaced Ron Jeremy. Jeremy reaches over to admire and squeeze Ruby's aged muscles as both their dicks are embedded in the same woman.

Ruby was aware that men were his real audience and he'd do anything to get their attention: make a muscle, fuck a woman. It was all a show of masculinity.

On one roughie set, Ruby's curious presence immediately attracted the attention of metasexual superstar Jamie Gillis. Chatting between scenes, Ruby confided to Gillis that for pleasure he enjoyed spending his off hours driving around the bombed out Hunts Point section of the Bronx picking up \$10 street hookers.

In life, you will always have detractors, people who just want to tear you down. Certain other New York regulars who were on a lower end of the pay scale than Gillis found Ruby less than amusing. Superficially, the most disconcerting thing about Ruby to these fellow actors was that he didn't seem to have too much going on upstairs. He just seemed to run on autopilot. As director Vince Benedetti put it, "there's no mind there." But the real cause of resentment was that, while these performers felt they worked hard for the money, Ruby appeared to get the job done without any angst or indignity. He took the scene like a session with a hooker where *he* got paid. Directors often used Ruby when only a jewel shot and not a character type was required. Although he hadn't done anything personally to these other actors, they had no use for Ruby. They turned him into a dartboard for their own free floating sexual anxieties, badmouthing him at every turn.



Jamie Gillis and co-stars

Porno actor David Christopher, an oily, professional S&M devotee, had many run-ins with Ruby since the mid-1970s and thought he was a jerk. Christopher was a grizzled roughie performer with a steady career as an S&M sneaker pimp. He published a bondage newspaper to promote his shabby dominance loft. S&M performances were Christopher's bread and butter. He had seen Ruby execute scenes in roughies with ease. He didn't want any of his cash flow diverted into Ruby's pockets.

"Ruby," Christopher muttered dyspeptically, giving Ruby the fisheye, "he's been around forever. He's like a machine. He'd fuck anything. He's very dumb. The sick thing is that," as if Christopher were one to talk, "he has a foreign wife who he's had *kids* through." Love at first sight? Or had Ruby bought a foreign bride out of one of those

catalogues and it was the citizenship shuffle? Or, more perversely, did she pay him for a green card marriage and he delighted in this? Christopher was frustrated at the whole unanswerable enigma.

George Payne wanted Ruby off the scene, too, even though George had more than a passing fancy for him. George's hardcore gay hit, *Kiss Today Goodbye*, had been the running movie at the Big Top Theater during Ruby's reign. The mere mention of Ruby's name would cause George to grimace. They were ancient competitors since the muscle magazine days. They had been on neighboring pedestals in beauty contests.



George Payne

Unless they were sharing a woman in a sex scene, every time George saw Ruby he'd make the gas face. He and Ruby were frequently booked together, as if they were a pair of those magnetic scotties sold in rest stop vending machines. Directors used them when two guys were needed who wouldn't distract the audience from the actress in the scene. On big budget films, George's name would be next to Ruby's at the very end of the actors' credits. The spot of no respect. This facelessness was no matter to Ruby, but it made George livid. George had been a top billed star in gay films

for a number of years, so Ruby became yet another reminder of the low rung he had fallen to. Each time he'd hear that Ruby was cast, George would whine, "Ruby... they've called Ruby again."

Having to work with Ruby was an experience that actor Brad Sanders* dreaded but his number finally came up in July 1985. It was during a hellish week of a *Swedish Erotica* shoot in New York, the "more footage, more footage" company that left performers' knees buckling from sheer physical overexertion. Sanders was a shrimp junky. All he could think of was that hideous Charles Atlas ad he had seen as a kid, with the muscleman kicking sand in the pipsqueak's face. Sanders didn't know how seriously Ruby took his act. Would Ruby be a boisterous jock and come down on him? No Big Top was going to tear Sanders down. No way.

That wasn't all that Sanders was worried about, either. He didn't want any badly composed, off kilter stills taken of this meeting. At best, he'd look like a midget in comparison to Ruby. At worst, there could be close physical contact, with the accompanying tangle of body parts. Sanders was also paranoid in an egomaniacal way that he would be providing the mental scenario for Ruby's hard on. Sanders knew that Ruby had worked the all-male circuit. Thus, Ruby's sexuality was questionable - and attackable - to Sanders.

Typically, the cast was not told the title of the feature they were working on. Ruby arrived and said nothing to anyone. With his furrowed brow, he appeared as if he had drank a beer that hit him the wrong way. To Sanders' speedballed eyes, Ruby looked like a large walking hologram. The cast was driven to a bar in Queens. Sanders did two girls, and at the opposite end of the bar, Ruby was taking care of two girls. Ruby was a hairy man and he was sweating. His male pattern baldness was roasting under the hot lights. Sweat was pouring out of him. It was the middle of the

summer. Sanders wasn't sweating because he was dehydrated. All of a sudden, Ruby gave a slight twitch and came, all within his two minute warning. A stream of white liquid ran onto the two girls, just a body emission out of a hole. A more satisfied face has been seen on people taking a piss.

Disquieted by what he had just witnessed, Sanders bought a few painkillers from his co-star Ashley Wells. Ashley was a quiet Methadone addict and had been a hardcore performer since barely out of her teens. Sanders mentioned that Ruby made him uneasy, but Ashley felt he was "nice, because he didn't say anything. But my ex-boyfriend David Morris hates him. But David hates everybody."

Ashley's ex, the cranky porno actor, Methadone addict and all around troublemaking junkie David Morris became fixated on Ruby. Especially while nodding off to aggressive police dramas, Morris would paranoidly speculate about Ruby being a stoolie or a police plant because Ruby showed no evidence of drug, steroid or excessive alcohol intake. "I think he could be a cop," Morris would snipe. Morris' battle plan was to destroy Ruby at his very foundation with a series of crank calls. Morris' crank calls were legendary in their malice, playing on their victim's illegal gambling, drug or sexual habits, reducing the target to a quivering jellyfish. After obtaining Ruby's home number by pilfering his 8 by 10 photo resume from a producer's office, Morris had Ashley start in with him.

Briinng! Brrriiing!
"Hello?"
"Is this Dave Ruby, Mr. Big Top?"
"Yes."

His voice was completely modulated, as if he were in a trance. The screams of children in the background were abundant, as was a woman braying along with them in a foreign tongue.

"Is this *the* Mr. Big Top, the muscleman?"
"Yup!"

There was no resistance. He seemed cheery.

"Hey! You're Mr. Big Top!"
"Yes! I am!"

Ashley frowned and hung up. Looking at Morris, she said, "he must like being him."

Morris speculated while nodding. Was Ruby on his own Apocalypse Now-styled journey? Was he another demented Colonel Kurtzman type who had lost his way after singing to a district attorney and accepted sex for sale as a way of life?

The amazing thing was that Morris' divining rod pointed in the right direction, but the vibration wasn't strong enough. Ruby did, indeed, spend his days amongst mostly lawyers, prosecutors, judges and cops. Ruby was a court reporter. He had always been a court reporter. He had a day gig all along. This whole vice arena was just his hobby.

As things go, Ruby didn't get too damaged. He continues to live and take depositions in the New York area. Those kids of his are now teenagers, and he remains married. However, once a year he drives to rundown, Cuban populated Corona, Queens to make a hardcore cameo for one director who still uses him. He does it for excitement. He does it for nostalgia. He does it for fun. He does it for money. He does it because there's still a little bit of the Big Top that just won't fold up.

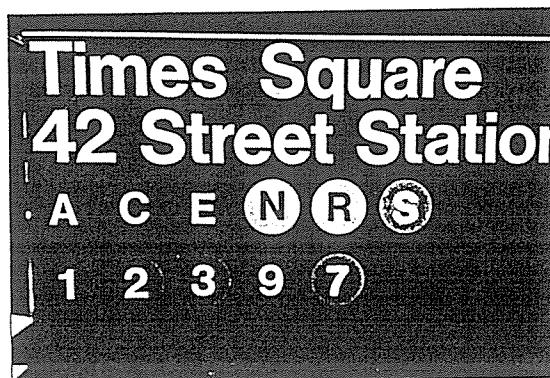
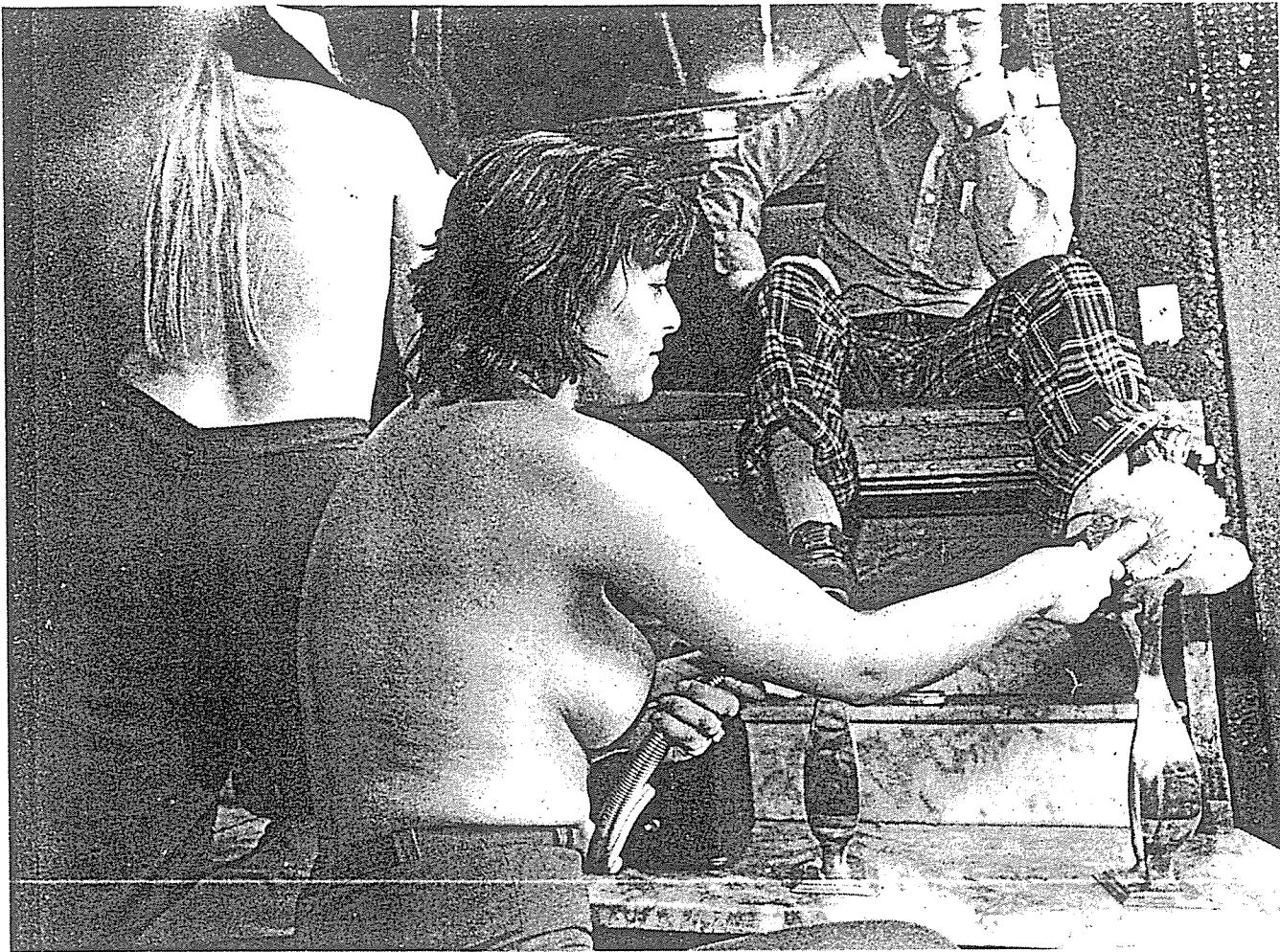


Photo: Michelle



Topless Stephanie goes to work on reporter Fisher's scuffed gray boots.

TOPLESS SHOESHINE GIRLS

**NUDE FROM THE WAIST UP,
PRETTY GIRLS AT MISTER
ARNOLD'S PARLOR GIVE A
NEW TWIST TO THE
SHOESHINE BUSINESS**

"This'll get 'em up here like you wouldn't believe. They're gonna be lined up on the sidewalk. I'll have to bring in a numbering system like they have at meat counters in supermarkets," Arnie Linetsky told me recently. He was referring to his latest venture: the first topless shoeshine parlor in Canada, named Mister Arnold's.

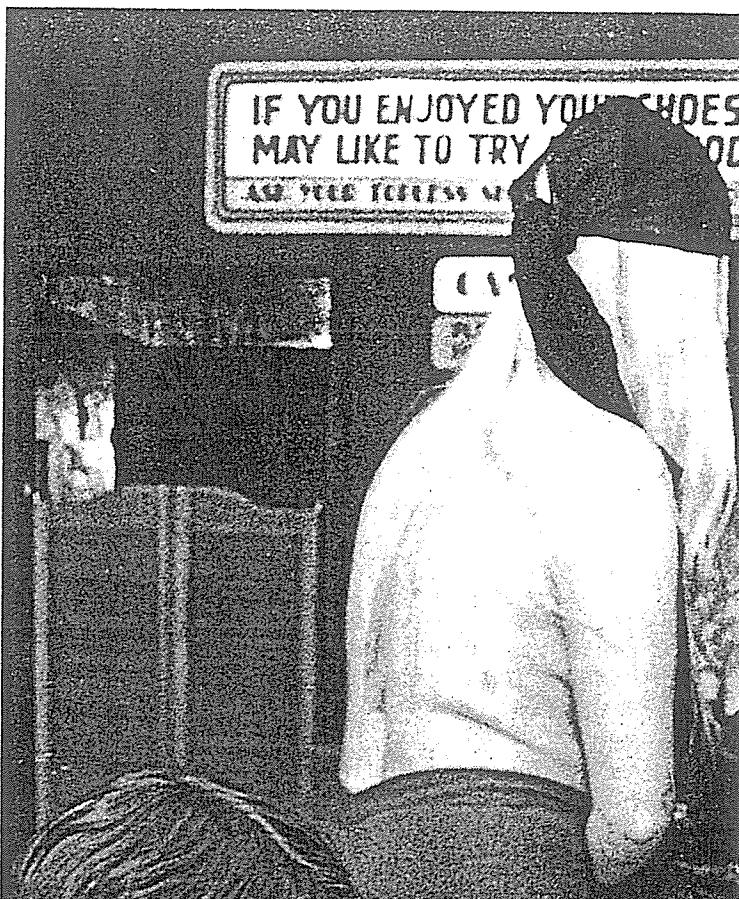
Inside the bold black interior, racks of porno magazines line the walls, electric polishing machines hum, and bare-breasted girls giggle as they serve coffee and doughnuts.

Just across the hall is a body rub place, and Arnie works in conjunction with it. His six topless shoeshine girls, who earn \$150 weekly, are given \$2.00 extra for each customer they send over to the rubdown room. Body rubs are \$20 for a half hour, \$35 for an hour.

The topless shoeshines at Mister Arnold's are FREE. Arnie figures it's worth it to let his customers ogle his girls' chesty charms, because so many of them end up across the hall afterwards.

Mister Arnold's shoeshine parlor is the indirect result of the objections of a building inspector. Arnie used to have a mini porno cinema in the space now occupied by the shoeshine stand. The inspector had filed a complaint that Arnie's stairway did not meet the width regulations for a cinema. So, Arnie solved the problem by obtaining a shoeshine license.

"I didn't say anything about it being a topless place," says shrewd Arnie. ■



*Metasex feels that the most accurate analysis of the film Boogie Nights would be provided by Howard Ziehm, the auteur of old school story driven hardcore pornography. Ziehm formed Graffiti Productions in the late 1960s, and made hundreds of split-beaver and hardcore loops. He then directed the masterpiece *Mona*, the first hardcore narrative feature. Ziehm followed *Mona* with *Harlot*, *Hollywood Blue* and the mid-1970s drive-in megahit classic *Flesh Gordon*. At the peak of the porno chic 1970s, he created the "pastry series," which included the sexy velour hits, *Honeypie*, *Sweet Cakes*, *Sexteen* and *Hot Cookies*. Ziehm is now retired from filmmaking and has recently authored the successful book, *Golf in the Comic Strips*.*

Howard Ziehm

on

BOOGIE NIGHTS

People had told me the picture was about me, that even the house where the film was shot reminded them of my house. Veronica Hart said the film was basically quite accurate. Ron Jeremy was rumored to have been an advisor on the film. The reviews were all very positive. I went to see the picture on Saturday at the Malibu Cinema. There were only front row seats left, the front row being about five feet from the screen, so I waited until the following Tuesday. I was prepared to like the film but Paul Thomas Anderson's *Boogie Nights* left me cold.

That is not to say I totally disliked it. I appreciated its bold attempt to tell a story about an industry that I was involved with in its seminal days, but I found it filled with cliches on how the public thinks it is supposed to perceive the porno industry.

In *Boogie Nights* Burt Reynolds plays a porno producer who hangs out in clubs where he spends most of his time staring at guys' crotches, hoping to spot a bulge that may indicate a new Johnny Wadd. I have never known a porn producer to do this. Porn producers search for hot babes, not studs. The only thing you want in a stud is for him to stay hard so you don't get hung up waiting for him to get a woody. The time I used John Holmes a.k.a. Johnny Wadd, his big dick was so difficult to fill with blood that he never got a true hard-on. His personality was dead, it was not a hot loop, and I only used him once. Others, primarily *Swedish Erotica*, had more success with Wadd and his massive shlong, but it's more an oddity number than anything else. A big dick is appreciated, but a hard dick is a must.

Boogie Nights' idea of shooting a sex scene is to put a camera on a tripod, tell the performers to start fucking and that's that. This is totally inaccurate. The camera has to be shifted constantly and the performers coached constantly not to obscure the view of what they're doing. They also have to be directed to change what they are doing, otherwise they would just do one thing. Since many lay there with blank stares, they have to be told to look interested. One of my biggest complaints about modern porn is that the reactions are way over the top. All this directing and movement makes it hard to perform and that's why only a few males make it. The reason adult movies repeatedly use the same career porno studs is because they're dependable. If a guy has trouble getting it up he's probably not going to succeed and the film will be a disaster. Ron Jeremy is no Rock Hudson but the guy can keep it stiff. What else do you need?

Nina Hartley, a bonafide porno performer, is cast as the wife of Burt Reynold's associate producer. Her husband constantly finds her fucking someone in a bedroom or in the driveway. He doesn't like it but is too wimpy to say anything. When he does, she tells him off like a dog turd. This is an antiporn cliche, implying that everyone in the business is cold and callous. It's

true that sexual promiscuity is common, but is not accompanied by the spitting in each others' faces that is depicted here. At the end he blows his head off -- another cliche.

The depiction of the crazed cocaine binge of the early eighties was well done. However, I felt that the gratuitous, brutal violence didn't ring true. Reynolds and Rollergirl, his star porno actress, drive around in a limo picking up studs for her to fuck in the back seat while Burt watches. Burt, in that scene, has become so jaded that this is his idea of entertainment. When the college kid they've picked up doesn't perform well and starts to just bang away on Rollergirl, Reynolds throws him out onto the street and kicks him to a bloody pulp. Rollergirl gets up off her back, comes out of the limo and puts one final stomp on her roller skated foot into the guy's face. We're left with the false impression that the entire porno world is mean and violent.

Boogie Nights also implies that porno directors dream of making a real film and the performers imagine themselves to be real actors and actresses, but they're all abysmal failures. When I was making films, I always took the position that there was nothing more stupid than a porno script. I came to that conclusion for two reasons. One is that a good script is driven by surprise, a twist in the plot, or a character's indecision. Porno movies are made to show people fucking and to get the viewer aroused. When a girl comes into a room, the question is when and by whom she is going to be fucked. Where's the surprise? A convoluted story only detracts from this question. No one gives a shit about the story. How many people fast forward their VCRs to get past the bullshit and to the sex?

Secondly, porno people can't act. It's true. Maybe one or two can, but the rest are atrocious. It takes talent and work to become an actor or actress. There is nothing worse than bad acting. It's irritating! I would rather see nothing than a poorly acted scene. What a porno picture should do is present interesting, exotic and exciting sex scenes that get the viewers' juices flowing. Porno performers can do that well.

To its credit, **Boogie Nights** did show that video eliminated the possibility of making better films. In fact, the budgets dropped from the \$100,000 plus level to less than \$10,000. Whole movies are now shot in a day or two. Mainstream movies have now picked up the slack by incorporating more torrid sex scenes, sometimes close to hardcore, into their stories. These films may have scenes that make one aroused, but, unlike porn, their intent is not to lead the viewer to orgasm.

I was disappointed that **Boogie Nights** leaves one with a totally negative impression of the sex business. I believe this is due to America's repressive mores where sex and morality are intertwined and abstinence is a virtue. **Boogie Nights** panders to this myth. I am not implying that sex, because of the onslaught of dangerous diseases, can be enjoyed as freely as it once was in the sixties and seventies when the pill freed women from the fear of pregnancy. What I am saying is that, regardless of the fact that sex has to be handled more carefully, it is still the greatest human joy (with the possible exception of golf). The best pornographers, and I consider myself to have been among them, endeavor to enhance this experience by depicting elevated sexual experiences on film. The porno business, like every other business, has winners and losers, good times and bad times, crooks and saints. **Boogie Nights** was structured in the **American Graffiti** style of having many small stories strung together. But unlike **American Graffiti**, which told some happy and some sad stories, **Boogie Nights** only tells sad stories, sending its audience into the streets with a sleazy and misdirected feeling about the adult film business -- which is probably why it got such great reviews from mainstream film critics.

AVON 7
SLEAZOID

"Officer, it's entrapment already" - Mr. Sleazoid kicks out the jams at the Avon 7, summer '86 Photo: Michelle

THE AVON DYNASTY

by

Michelle Clifford and Bill Landis

Avon films specialized in producing high frequency adult films that premiered at their string of Times Square theaters. The Avon schematic serviced the most guttural, shameful and maniacally driven sexualities. Avon embraced the unacceptable Avon's films did not rely on reviews or sex industry attention. Their reputation spoke for itself. The Avon crew were the bastard children never invited to any adult industry awards ceremonies. Frankly, people were afraid of the directors and cast members. They were too unruly and rough trade. However, no one could argue the fact that Avon made money. The minuscule budgets of the Avon films (shot on 16mm for \$5,000 - \$10,000) turned into profit within a few weeks run. Afterward, Avon would lease the films out to subdistributors which played them from the Carolinas to California.

Chelly Wilson was the ipsissimis of Times Square's pyramid built of pornographic film producers, exhibitors, directors and sex performers. A Greek emigre, Mrs. Wilson named her Deuce theaters after Hellenic gods of love. Her 8th Avenue theater chain included the Venus, Eros and Adonis Theaters. Although Mrs. Wilson was married to a blind man who lived in Puerto Rico, that didn't stop her from living in an openly gay menage situation with two girlfriends in a gaudily furnished apartment above her own Eros Theater. People came to Mrs. Wilson for jobs, money, referrals, help for when they got out of jail, or loans for medical emergencies. She was a lifeboat in many storms, albeit one that would always deliver you back to 8th Avenue.

Mrs. Wilson had an illustrious pedigree in the history of bottom draw exploitation movies. She had brought the world everything from black and white softcore straight pictures to gay hardcore films. Mrs. Wilson was known to judge the boxoffice potential of a film by measuring the actors' expansive genital sizes with her hands against the screen. She held a regular salon, where card games were played between the day's leading industry stars including Jamie Gillis, visiting San Francisco dignitaries such as the Mitchell Brothers, and New York directors like Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard).

Mrs. Wilson's left hand man, Murray, ran the Avon chain. Murray was a tall, pasty complexioned, cotton candy haired old man aged somewhere between 60 and 80. He had hailed from Miami Beach and ostensibly had been a sax player at the Paris burlesque house during World War II. Murray subsequently built the Avon empire by taking cheap, decades long commercial leases on various shoebox theaters and grindhouses in Times Square. During Avon's mid-1970s heyday, the Avon chain encompassed the Doll, Avon 7, Paris, Bryant, Avon 42nd, Avon Love, Park

IS SEX DEAD?

IN COLOR

Miller, and Avon Hudson theaters. A chronic complainer with a hearing aid, Murray was married but had a wandering eye that focused on Puerto Rican trade.

Murray's trusted bookkeeper and office manager was Stella Stevens, a former fifties cheesecake model and outrageous showbiz lesbian of the Shelly Winters ilk. Stella was responsible for the day to day operations of the theaters. She oversaw the hiring and firing of employees and monitored what movies were audience draws. Stella had two sets of Puerto Rican brothers, the Martinezes and Torreses, working for her most of their adult lives as cashiers, bouncers, projectionists and maintenance men. They were also Avon's market research statisticians. This involved more than checking out the audience and telling Stella what movies did well; she could gauge that from the boxoffice. What the brothers delivered was a psychosexual breakdown of the audience at any given time and what movies to provide it. Would it be time to throw in the West Coast's massive **Johnny Wadd** or the New York City roughie **Revenge and Punishment**?

Stella made the casting referrals for the Times Square axis of the New York sex industry. She had an uncanny ability to match sexual performers with appropriate jobs. Stella knew everyone, and performers generally liked her. She was a big grizzly who, if she liked you, watched out for you. Stella lived and believed in Avon's philosophy of offering entertainment that appealed to a specific audience so much that the customers felt they got their money's worth, and kept running back for more.

Avon Theaters first gained a widespread reputation when they gave Andy Warhol films including **My Hustler**, **Vinyl** and **Flesh** their first big commercial runs when they were still considered racy in the mid 1960s. The homosexual elements of underground films proved to be a boxoffice draw, so Stella and Murray opened New York's first all-male theater, the Park Miller, on 43rd Street between 6th Avenue and Broadway. The Park Miller cut a striking figure in the gay lib Mattachine Society era of the late 1960s, with its three balconies and heavy sexual activity. It premiered Pat Rocco's softcore Hollywood shorts, and also presented packages of Kenneth Anger films for the cruise minded audience.

By 1970, Avon's straight premiere run house, the Hudson, was located a block north of the Park Miller on 44th Street. It drew crowds with "San Francisco Shorts," theatrical loops supplied by the West Coast's Graffiti Productions. These films were made by pioneering visionary Howard Ziehm of **Mona** and **Flesh Gordon** fame. The Graffiti Productions loops encompassed both single girl "split beaver" activity and hardcore man-woman action.

Murray and Stella took a cue from **Oh! Calcutta!**'s nudity on the Broadway stage and integrated it with Murray's grainy memories of pre-Castro Havana live sex shows, striking Deuce gold when they presented New York's first live exhibition of male-female sexual activity. Those who would become porno chic superstars Jamie Gillis, Marc ("Mr 10½") Stevens and Tina and Jason Russell initiated their careers with these simulated shows while, at the same time, making hardcore loops. You cold drop a quarter in a peep booth and then walk down 42nd Street to see the same

people live on stage. Absurd socially redeeming interludes like Jamie Gillis naked, reciting Shakespeare, were used as a shield against vice raids.

By 1973 the simulated live shows turned hardcore. Black and hispanic couples appeared as performers, with very few whites. The men were renown for their enormous endowments and the girls were that seedy way of sexy. The basic format included an aggressive strip by the woman, followed by some undulations on a dirty mattress, then joined by her male partner, and ending usually with a come shot. Shows were performed to the beat of a disco tape the couple had brought and the projectionist flipped onto the sound system. They occurred every hour and a half between films.

To mirror these live shows, Avon innovated the presentation of "mixed combo" interracial hardcore films. Titles like **Black Gold** and **Black Neighbors** played on the audience's compulsion to see black sexual stereotypes played out. Mixed combos movies ranged from loose collections of vignettes pairing Afro'd guys with white women to story features heavy on aggressive sex and force.

In 1975 Avon made the decisive move that would permanently associate its name with violence. Roughies, movies which mixed sadomasochism with sex, had been popular in Times Square since the early 1960s. In the age of hardcore, Avon brought the roughie home.

Jason Russell was a porno star alumnus of the Avon live shows. He was separating from his wife, Tina; together, they had been the biggest couple in adult films. Jason had been in the S&M hardcore film, **Defiance**, which was a huge hit. He wanted to get out of acting and into producing, so he went to Mrs. Wilson for funding. Mrs. Wilson knew that hardcore roughies would be a commercially viable genre. The heavy S&M, black and white **Olga** movies had marathon runs during the 1960s at her Cameo Theater. She was doing well showing Terry Sullivan's crude San Francisco imports like **Masters of Discipline**, which were basically rape and mayhem fantasies portrayed by men in stocking masks. With Mrs. Wilson's financing, Jason hired Shaun Costello to direct the phenomenal, groundbreaking **Dominatrix Without Mercy**.

Shaun was a masochistic legend in New York. A tall, dirty blonde Irish American from Queens with wire-rimmed glasses, Shaun had performed in loops with the Russells and progressed to starring in and directing his own one-day wonders. Shaun lived and breathed S&M. As a director, he used a cavalcade of pseudonyms including Warren Evans, Russ Carlson, John Stover, Jack Brickwall and Amanda Barton.

Dominatrix Without Mercy was composed of overlapping vignettes of a day in the life of a Manhattan dominance apartment. Episodes appear fluidly, like subconscious thoughts existing within their own universe. A gallery of New York's top actors; Marlene Willoughby, Terri Hall, Vanessa Del Rio, Jamie Gillis and Marc Stevens are featured as larger than life exaggerations.

Dominatrix Without Mercy had a marathon run at the Avon Hudson. Avon needed another director to continue making roughies, and Joe Davian was hired. Davian was a member of an Israeli

cadre of pornographers. He had a Dacchau tattoo. Whether he was actually in a Nazi death camp or it was a ruse so he could return to Israel if he needed to flee the country was a matter of speculation. His associate, Toby Ross, director of gay "chicken classics," snickered admiringly that Davian's tattoo was the perfect out for an international criminal.

Davian created a memorable series of roughies, each one more extreme than the last. His operatic narratives were carried by elaborate story twists, snappy dialogue, and unapologetic S&M scenes. Davian's movies included scenes of gynecological examinations that were not for the surgically squeamish, yet he leavened the action with touches of dark humor. He had a talent for perfect, economical compositions within the tightest budgets and shooting schedules. Like Sam Fuller's B-picture world, Davian's plots had recurring themes of abduction, prostitution rackets, extortion of political figures, sexual assault and revenge. His eye for the sleazy side of New York created a correct atmosphere of seediness and threat.

In the sex industry, performers tend more to remember directors who were difficult headfuckers. The actors Davian used, if they remember him at all, found him unobtrusive. Sharon Mitchell's only recollection of him was of a man who consistently gave her work, but not someone she'd want to get to know more than superficially. Davian, with his multinational experience, employed a fly on the wall technique to bring out the most from his cast members. He designed strikingly kinky, intense, exaggerated images for performers like Sharon Mitchell and Vanessa Del Rio, who built reputations off appearing in his films. With **House of DeSade**, **Domination Blue** and **Night of Submission**, Vanessa Del Rio perfected her wild style approach toward heavy bondage and discipline scenes. Davian had a knack for casting quirky character types, putting Al Levitsky to his most grandiloquent use as a perverted doctor in **Revenge and Punishment**.

The formula Davian had perfected proved so successful that Avon hired a few other colorful characters to riff on it. Mr. Mustard, aka Dick Miller, was a yellow haired curiosity living a condiment lifestyle. He produced **Rape Victims** and a handful of others. The ubiquitous Carter Stevens had traversed every low budget porn genre, making films as erotic as assembly line industrials. Stevens contributed his own brand of authentic New York sleaze to Avon with **Bizarre Styles**, **Wicked Schoolgirls** and **House of Sin**. While the first two films have their merits, **House of Sin** is interminably dull. Shaun Costello, who had initiated the series with **Dominatrix Without Mercy**, contributed two outrageous features: **Mistress Electra**, showcasing the dark, exaggerated good looks and charisma of Marlene Willoughby; and the excellent kidnap melodrama, **Prisoner of Pleasure**.

Phil Prince was the cherry bomb on Avon's cake. He was their most infamous director, and the most out of control. Phil was a huge, dark haired, Irish American from the Bronx. Phil's best friend and confidant was fellow Avon employee Pat Rodgers, a Methadone addicted, perverted, tubercular old man. For a small, sickly looking weasel, Pat had committed many violent crimes, particularly armed robbery, frequently landing in stir. Pat was a closeted homosexual who claimed to be "straight... but I like to experiment." Phil looked up to the older Pat, and Pat gave Phil a paternal confidence. The popular rumor was that Pat and Phil were lovers, with Pat playing the male

role and Phil crossdressing to his delight. But that didn't prevent Phil from knowing a heterosexual life.

Phil had a wife with whom he performed live shows. His reputation was his showstopping come shot aimed directly at the audience, once beanng an unfortunate Popeye between the eyes three rows away. Phil's show was such a sensation that photos of him humping his wife festooned the front of the Bryant Theater. Along with a few choice shots of Stella munching bonbons from her fifties cheesecake heyday.

But that wasn't what was shocking about Phil's life. Adding to the chaos that was Phil was the murder of that wife. Phil had called 911, saying he had discovered her mutilated body along with two of her friends. Phil was the primary suspect of the rampage slaying. Pat ran a close second because of his history of firearms use. Phil toughed it out and was cleared over time. But everyone had their doubts about him. One employee remembered that all Phil could talk about the day after the murders was the insurance money he was going to collect.

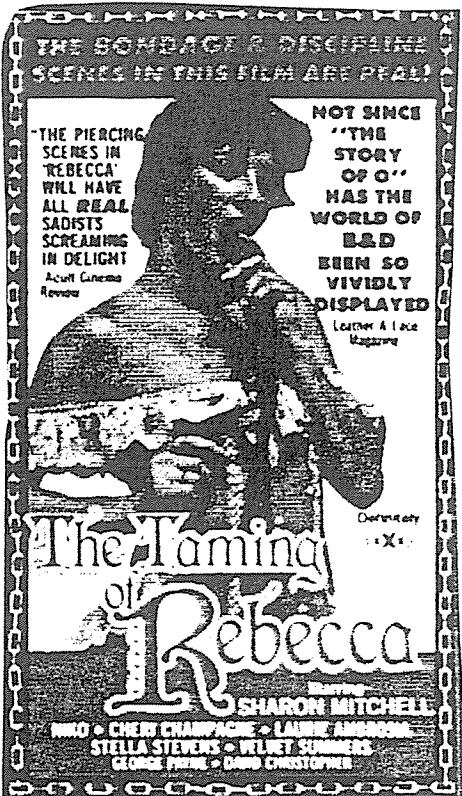
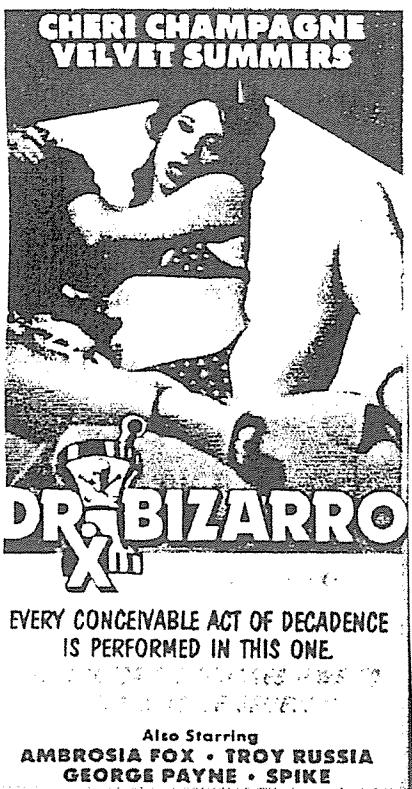
Regardless of Phil's actual guilt or innocence, the bloodletting had run its course. Anyone who's seen a real sacrifice knows how impossible it is to forget the image and how easy it is to reproduce. It comes out just like piss.

After the murders, Stella buried Phil behind a desk in the Avon office at the Bryant Theater, where it would be more difficult for him to get into trouble. Phil wanted to move up in the Avon hierarchy. He wanted to be something in life, not just a live show guy. So what if people thought he was a cretin and a murderer. He'd use it to his advantage. If people wanted to be freaked out and shocked, he could do it.

Phil loved movies, from exploitation horror films to Joe Davian's epics, which he had admired and studied while working in the theaters. With Pat urging him on, Phil felt he could do better. The amount of ghastly perversion Phil had experienced in life could translate into celluloid as a bang up roughie. When the coast was free of police, Stella referred Phil to Mrs. Wilson for the nod to realize his dream.

Mrs. Wilson set Phil up with Phil Todero, a bewigged old queen who ostensibly managed her Eros Theater. Apart from producing the early John Holmes vehicle *Kama Sutra '71*, Todero had been a DJ in the early 1960s payola era. Todero was so low he stole \$50 weekly out of the minuscule \$125 pay envelopes of the Eros' male dancers. As Phil's anonymous producer, Todero would skim from him, too.

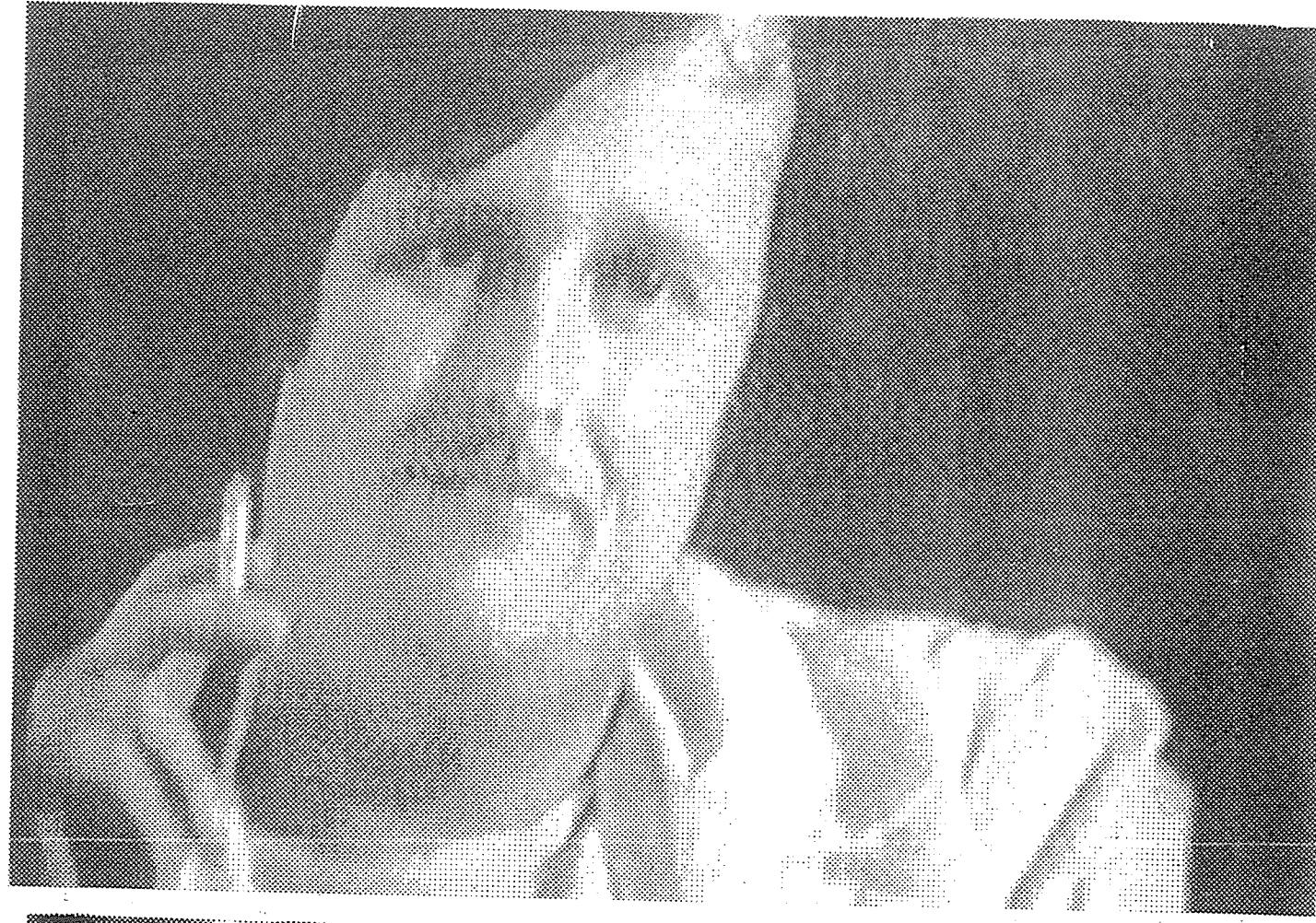
Phil began assembling his dream cast. He started off with performers who had impressed him in Davian's films, particularly Sharon Mitchell. George Payne was the man he chose as his alter ego, incarnating his vision of a maniacal sadist. George was an aging hustler who specialized in abuse scenes. He first gained widespread notice with the 1972 hardcore gay classic, *The Back Row*, in which he played an anxious midnight cowboy lusting after blonde Fire Island floozie Casey



A moment of reflection

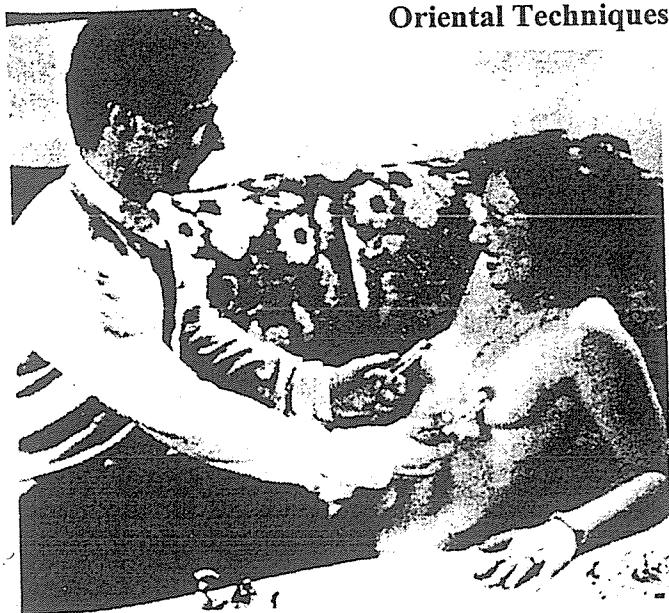
Photo: Michelle

Photo: Michelle





Above: Debbie Cole in
Oriental Techniques

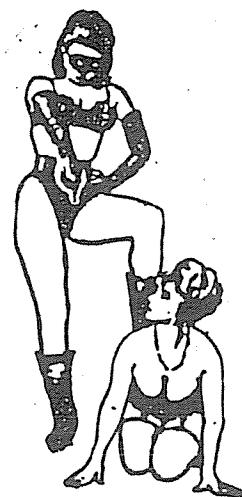


George Payne, sadist

"My name is Long Jeanne Silver, and I've Got a Secret: I fooled Mother Nature! I was born with a handicap, but I turned it into an asset. I have something that puts John Holmes to shame. I've been called 'the bionic lady.' But I'm all woman. I'm for real. And I can have fun with both men and women. It's nice to fool Mother Nature!"

CHERI MAGAZINE SEZ:
"Our most shocking
confession ever! Jeanne
surprises her lively and
unique sex style despite
her handicap. She is
truly one of a kind!"

Alex deRenzy
**Long
Jeanne
Silver**



Above:

Avon Class Picture '79
Taming of Rebecca Cast:
Stella Stevens, Sharon Mitchell,
George Payne, Velvet Summers, Niko

Donovan. George also starred in the Amero Brothers' all male blockbuster, **Kiss Today Goodbye**. George loathed his gay image because it limited his cash flow. Straight films didn't really want him over that image.

It took George's personal and professional relationship with Vanessa Del Rio and his work for Phil Prince for him to make the transition into straight character roles. A longtime speedfreak and freebase user, George eventually robbed Vanessa of her furs, jewelry and several thousand dollars. A few days later, he returned with the jewels and furs, but no money. Vanessa threw him out and George became known as troublesome. By the time Phil found him, George had deteriorated into a risky, bad off transient. He had been sleeping on a plastic couch by the pay phone of the Broadway Arms Bathhouse. Although George had inexplicably not lost his looks, his hair had reverted to its natural silver because he couldn't afford dye. Phil went with it, casting him as a mature man.

The second string women Phil cast -- Ambrosia Fox, Velvet Summers, Joey Carson, Cheri Champagne and Nico -- were found through a biker named Billy who operated out of Maine. The girls were all graduates of the school of hard knocks, and they spoke in disaffected New England accents. Each made her own unique contribution to Phil's films. Ambrosia Fox and Velvet Summers, both tiny women, had youthful looks which made them especially well cast. Velvet's piercings were an extreme masochistic shocker long before self mutilation became a fashion trend. Personally, she was a quiet downhead who lived in a small Queens, New York apartment overpopulated by smelly cats. Joey Carson was a prototypical busty blonde. Dark, Mediterranean looking Cheri Champagne was adept at both dominant and submissive scenes. Nico, the oldest and most menacing, had the cold elegance of a surgical nurse.

Rounding out the crew were Ron Jeremy, who Phil hired because of Jeremy's strong stomach for disgusting scenes. David Christopher, a seasoned New York one day wonder player, was from a small Massachusetts town, where he had been faithfully ordering bondage and fetish material since he was a teen. Christopher had a huge appetite for sleazy S&M scenes. Annie Sprinkle and Alan "Spike" Adrian were hired because they were known to do any S&M act for low money, no matter how emotionally debasing.

To his cast members, Phil seemed gregarious and easygoing despite his ominous private life. Phil himself had been a live sex show performer, so he was reality based in the mechanics of sex work. It made Phil happy that people played out their sexual manias with him as conductor. He worked fast, often shooting two films a month in weekend long shoots. As Alan Adrian, who pissed in his own mouth in **Kneel Before Me**, put it: "Phil encouraged me to do the most perverted things."

Despite his budgetary constraints, Phil succeeded in making a series of films which vividly expressed his station in life. Their lack of money only made them more graphic. Some sets were Phil's home, others were Avon theater offices. The films are claustrophobic and intense, filled with unexpected camera angles, and action packed. Manic speech, grimacing faces, verbal abuse and

shocking sex scenes became the standard of Phil's films. Phil's directorial style was jagged, fragmentary and primitive, capturing individual dramas within one long vision.

The Taming of Rebecca was Phil's first big hit and his most straightforward narratively. Sharon Mitchell plays an abused girl who seeks refuge in a boarding school, only to find it is run by a perverted sadist (George Payne). Stella, cradling her white teacup poodle, is featured in a comic relief cameo. Phil employed the approach of four separate loop-like segments to great effect in **Tales From the Bizarre** and **Dr. Bizarro**. **Oriental Techniques of Pain and Pleasure** was a mobius strip of 42nd Street sexuality. Phil made cameos in **Dr. Bizarro** and **Tales From the Bizarre**, wearing his own theater work clothes -- bell bottom jeans and a stained grey sweatshirt. In **In Kneel Before Me**, George plays a man who marries Annie Sprinkle and believes he's the Marquis De Sade. At this point, Phil was actively flirting with his dangerous image by having George's character admit to murdering his wife.

Phil's movies were among the last porn films to be advertised in New York City's daily newspapers before the 1983 ban on adult film ads. Phil felt competitive with recognized sex industry directors like Ron Sullivan, so it gratified him to see crowds flock to his films. However, as the success of his movies grew, the bigger a drug mess Phil became. He had the girls of a local black pimp named Troy work the audience of the theaters where his pictures were playing. Phil had the Martinez brothers build little quickie sex rooms in the basement of the Doll Theater that looked like the cave in **The Taming of Rebecca**.

Things quickly soured when vice cops raided Avon's theaters in late 1983. Pat had been living with Phil in Phil's Staten Island home, where Phil's second wife and two small children were also parked. After the raid, both men disappeared. They took to the road, living in a dilapidated van. Eventually, Pat and Phil surfaced in **The New York Post** when they attempted to stick up a Haagen Dazs ice cream parlor in the West Village. They were so stoned that the manager thought they were kidding, and when he laughed, they panicked and shot him in the chest. The duo was apprehended six blocks away after a keystone kops chase in which they ran in and out of taxicabs. Phil went to jail for six years.

As Phil wiled away his time in stir, Avon caved into the big money offers from the Disney Company that razed Times Square. The theaters closed one by one. Stella hung in there, briefly running a massage parlor on West 46th Street. In 1986, the Meese Commission used Phil Prince's films as examples of the most rank, foul and violent pornography emerging from the United States. They were considered the pinnacle of sexual exploitation arising from a base in organized crime. Besides flinging a legal haziness over mixing S&M with hardcore sex, the Meese Commission was ironically Avon Films' press agent, crowning them with the reputation as the roughest of the roughies.

* * *

**DELPHIA
THE GREEK**

**KY-SEN
THE VIETNAMESE**

**ULLA
THE SWEDE**

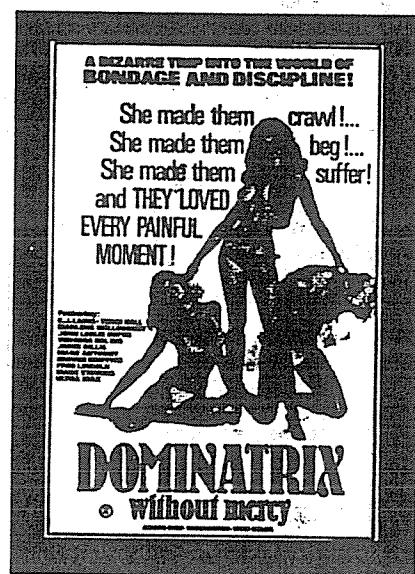
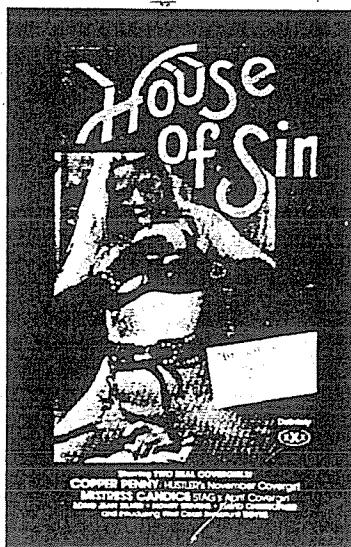
Phil Prince was released from prison in 1990, but he couldn't stay away from the Deuce. He shot and killed an associate from the old Bryant Theater, and is currently serving 25 years to life. Since Phil had gone to jail, Pat couldn't go on without him. Pat was quickly arrested for another petty crime, died in jail, and was buried in a mass grave in Potter's Field. Joe Davian disappeared. Carter Stevens says Joe was shot to death, but others believe he utilized that Dachau tattoo and lives in Israel, living as a returned Jew. Carter Stevens lives in Pittsburgh, and continues to make low rent fetish pornography. Mr. Mustard is in poor health in Southern California. Shaun Costello had to flee New York in 1983 after misappropriating funds intended for film production on drugs. Some say he resides in Ohio.

George Payne lives like a geriatric prisoner with his wife Diane, who was formerly Ron Sullivan's casting agent, in an apartment in the Whitestone section of Queens, New York. He now goes by the name George Medved. Twice a year his wife allows him out of his cage so she can collect a small fee for renting her husband out to make non-sex bondage tapes at Adventure Studios. Vanessa Del Rio and Sharon Mitchell continued their high profile porn careers. Vanessa popped up playing herself, a victim of a stalker, in a cameo on **NYPD Blue**. Sharon volunteers at a sex worker samaritan phone line and is currently attending medical school.

As for the New England girls, Joey Carson had breast enlargement surgery and is on the strip circuit, as is Cheri Champagne. Nico, Ambrosia Fox and Velvet Summers have never been seen again.

Among sex industry regulars who played in Avon films, David Christopher runs a company called Snatch in Los Angeles that produces S&M and straight porn tapes. Mistress Candice quit the business after being managed by David Christopher. Alan "Spike" Adrian is living in North Hollywood and suffers from chronic depression. Adrian doesn't know which came first, the sex work or the depersonalization. Annie Sprinkle and Ron Jeremy still stew in their own fetid juices.

Now that Times Square's adult theaters no longer exist, Stella Stevens has retired to South Florida. Murray divides his time between Miami and New York. Phil Todero dropped dead of a heart attack while taking care of another old queen dying from AIDS. Chelly Wilson passed away in 1995. She was in her nineties. In the fall of 1997, her daughter Bondi sold the Eros, which was the Wilson Family's last remaining Times Square adult movie house. The epicenter of the Deuce that Mrs. Wilson once lorded over is now just a chaotic memory.



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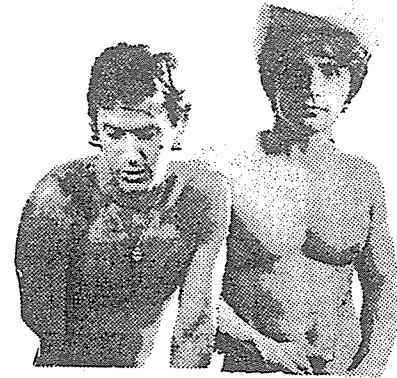


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SUBVERSIVE CINEMA

TWO DAYS IN A HOT PLACE

by Michelle Clifford



Two Days In A Hot Place opened in Manhattan during snowy February 1976. The film premiered at Chelly Wilson's all-male Adonis Theater on 50th Street and 8th Avenue. A perennial replay on New York's gay theater circuit, it became regarded as, in the words of veteran pornographer Toby Ross, "a classic." *Two Days* even had sequences cannibalized for other movies; a section of it appears in *Room 323*. The film is a "Selo" production, but was released through the West Coast outfit Marathon Films, which also distributed the candid and raunchy *12 at Noon*, and the apotheosis of leatherman sexuality, *Born to Raise Hell*.

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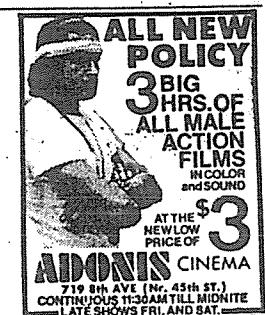
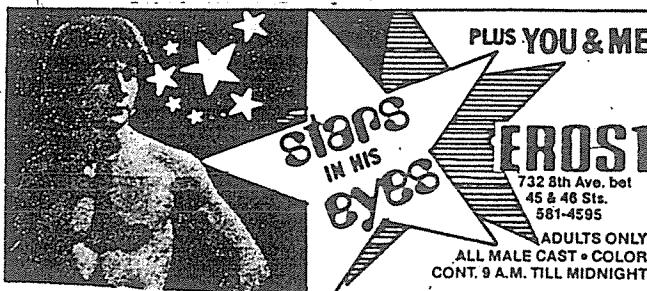
Two Days In A Hot Place begins with a sun drenched desert highway and a mournful country western ballad. The title slowly slides across the screen. The credits are eccentric in their thoroughness. Even a casting director is listed; essentially, that's the pimp who brokered the talent.

Our hero (Luke Hanson) is driving the El Camino we saw going down that scorching highway. Luke's an aging butch hustler who's starting to go to seed. He was what fags called "hunky" in his teens in that low-IQ manual laborer way. Now, at about 33, Luke's a little nervous. A side profile closeup of his lips reflects the foreboding of his situation.

Apart from the well selected music and choice sound effects, Luke's narration is all we hear on the soundtrack. *Two Days* is unique in that scenes are pantomimed as the star narrates, making the film a visualization of a dirty paperback novel. Director Lucas Severin's filmmaking skills are well above the genre norm, but he wisely doesn't overreach them. *Two Days* analyzes the theme of the faux hetero that's so frequently found in homosexual mythology.

As heat waves roll off the desert highway, Luke opens his sad soliloquy. Incredibly, he's married. He had a fight with his wife about his responsibilities to her, as he puts it. So he splits, driving from Needles through Palm Springs to L.A., where he plans to get laid, only to be himself sexually violated at every turn.

The boy can't help it. Everywhere he haplessly stops, someone victimizes him, creating vignettes set to evocative music. Luke runs out of gas on the highway and accepts a ride from a stranger who could only be described as a dangerous top. "He said he'd let me use his outdoor shower." *Two Days*' makes extraordinary use of open air sex. This sequence ends with Luke puking his guts out in that outdoor shower.



**THE
BACK
ROW**

Finally, Luke hits L.A., but finds none of the "hot pussy" he's seeking. Too cheap to spend \$10 on a motel room, Luke boldly breaks into somebody's toolshed to sleep. Suddenly, two sadists are looming over him, one with longish hair, the other appearing like a leatherman Richard Nixon. You can barely suppress giggles when Luke announces "I don't even wanna think about it."

In a highly stylized hardcore homage to Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks*, Luke's head falls towards the camera as classical pursuit music plays. The sadists hogtie him, rape him with a dildo, and come in his terrified face. The men swap a 16mm Bolex back and forth to record the hero's degradation.

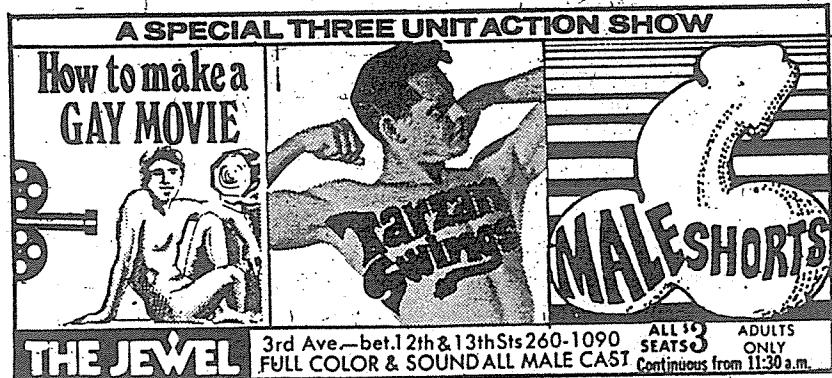
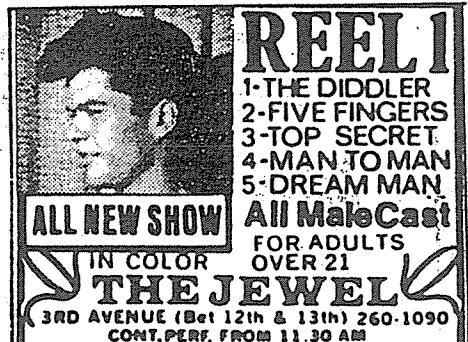
Luke blacks out. When he comes to, the Nixon lookalike waves the camera at him menacingly and releases him. Luke sasses, "I was gonna kick his ass until it came out of his mouth." Sure, Luke.

Next, it's to the sea. An incredible shot of Luke's smiling gas station attendant face over beachcombers who'll never know they were photographed for an all-male film. "I swam until I felt clean, walked until I felt tired," and he falls asleep thinking of his wife. So he says.

Mario, a sleazy little Guido gigolo, is on the beach lounging next to female guest star "Laura Laura." Disco music thumps and Luke, as he describes it, "plays it cool and turns on the charm." He ponders the fag hag's bank account while he makes eye contact with both of them in an aggressive hustler pickup gesture. She smiles politely, and so does malevolent Mario, who knows he's found a foil.

Mario invites Luke to a beach hotel, telling him all Laura's "girlfriends" will show up at the appointed hour. Luke shows up for the supposedly male-female orgy. Like a bad after school special, Mario gives him a pill and Luke smokes a joint to kick it in. Uh, oh. Some guys show up and a several sided all male sadist orgy begins. Luke, as always, is at the bottom. They handle him like a dishrag. By this time, the soundtrack is the same as numerous straight one-day wonders.

The movie concludes with Luke driving back to his wife as he vapidly ponders his various debasements. Finally, he utters the film's classic line: "Assholes have always said I was stupid. Maybe the assholes were right." Luke drives off into the beginning of the movie, as if it's an endless loop. Was he even really married? The country western ballad plays as the titles reprise.



SNUFF

by Bill Landis

The most publicized hoax exploitation every perpetrated on movie audiences was also the most morally reprehensible. It's not interesting as a film, but for the fallout it generated, which resembles a Biblical curse.

Filmmakers Mike and Roberta Findlay were a well established exploitation movie husband and wife team. They had made shocking and notorious black and white roughies like *The Curse of Her Flesh* for distributor Stan Borden during the 1960s, as well as horror films like *Shriek of the Mutilated*. Occasionally, the Findlays would shoot films in foreign countries. They made a terrible, virtually unwatchable version of the Manson murders in South America. The film was dull and badly made, with a lot of knife play but little graphic violence of any impact. No distributor would bother with it.

Allan Shakleton ended up buying the rights to the Findlays' Manson movie. Shakleton was a generally disliked Manhattan huckster who also distributed hardcore porn through his company, Monarch Pictures. About this time, rumors of snuff films had been initiated by hard line antipornography feminists, so Shakleton changed the film's title and added some new, violent footage. This footage, a revolting simulation of an actress getting hacked up and disemboweled on camera, was shot by veteran New York City pornographer Malcolm Worob in his 8th Avenue loft. Better known by his pseudonym, Carter Stevens, Worob was a morbidly fat, one-eyed swinger experienced in recording repellent sex and violence driven scenes. He had directed many of the notoriously misogynistic RDF loops, realistic 8mm S&M torture movies made for quarter peep booth viewing. This sexual undercurrent is what made the film infamous

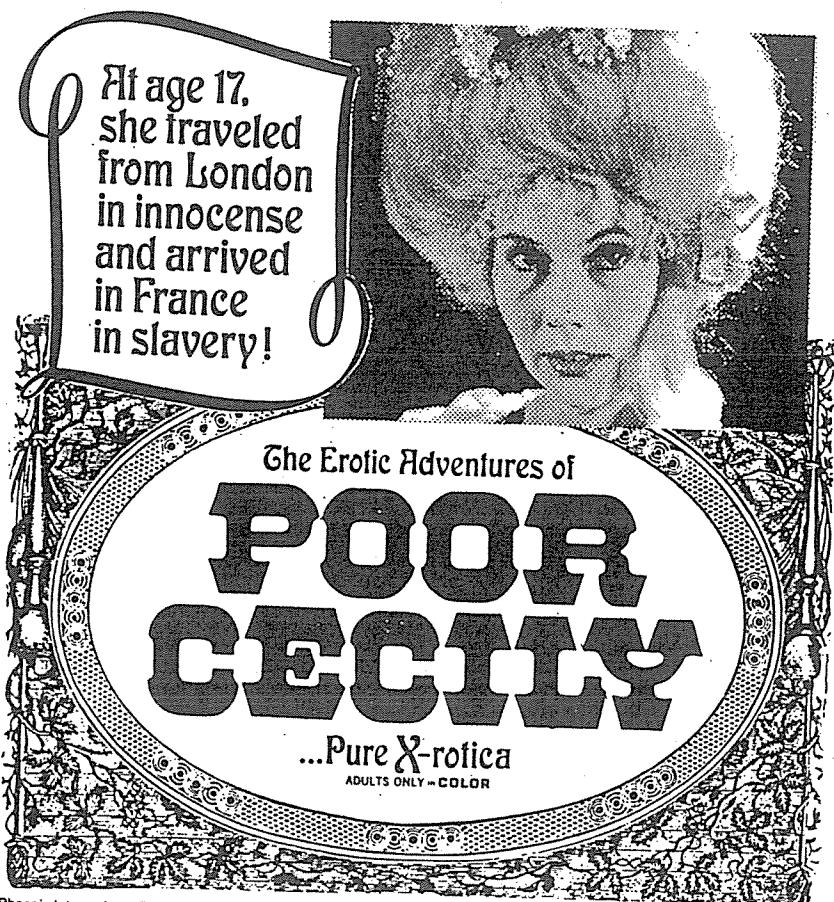
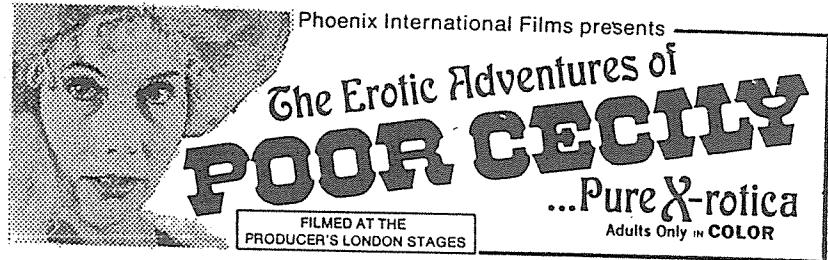
Shakleton released this cinematic mishmash under the title *Snuff*. The memorable ad artwork depicted a dismembered woman behind a clapboard with the catchline "filmed in South America... where life is cheap!" The movie quickly turned a profit. Before *Snuff* was revealed as a hoax, grindhouse audiences could not resist the temptation of such a promised shock. Many critics and moviegoers who hadn't even seen the film got drawn into speculating about its authenticity. Feminist and antipornography groups bantered about the distressing fact that people went to the movie based on the misogynist hype that it *could* be real. Giddy with excitement that he had been included in a mainstream controversy, even though it was growing disastrous, pornographer Worob was quite proud that he had shot the notorious conclusion of *Snuff*, but he only succeeded in making the cinematic realm he occupied look more grotesque, criminal and hate driven.

The publicity that had created a boxoffice bonanza started turning on its creator, Allen Shakleton. Every commentator about *Snuff* agreed that claiming an actress was murdered for a film was the most desperate, despicable way to sell tickets. Shakleton told *Variety* that he'd be as much of a fool to admit the film was a hoax as to say its ending was real.

What subsequently happened to Shakleton and Findlay is more unreal and terrifying than any horror movie. Shakleton was having an affair with distributor Stan Borden's wife, Lorraine, oblivious to the fact that Stan had alleged mob connections. In the midst of the *Snuff* controversy, Shakleton was jogging in Central Park with Lorraine and suddenly died. Borden later told Mr. Sleazoid that "Shakleton died trotting around the park. With my wife. Personally, I never liked the guy."

In the midst of the *Snuff* controversy, Mike Findlay was in the process of yet another painful separation from Roberta. He had invented a new 3-D process, used it for a kung-fu movie, and was en route back to the States from Hong Kong. Mike was so afraid to fly that he required hypnosis to board airplanes. After his jet arrived in New York, Mike took a helicopter shuttle to the Pan Am building in midtown Manhattan, where he was decapitated by one of the chopper's blades. After Mike's death, the Pan Am Building was never used as a heliport again.

Snuff died a natural death after its initial controversy wore down. Exploitation audiences felt cheated and conned by the hoax. The ending was less shocking than nausea inducing. Mr. Sleazoid caught up with *Snuff* well after its initial runs. It was playing on 42nd Street at the New Amsterdam Theater as the second feature to a kung-fu film. A still fabulous yet well worn vaudeville house, the New Amsterdam was also known for the bullet holes in its lobby during, the result of an attempted robbery. It was Sunday, family day, and the audience was filled with inner city parents and their happy go lucky tots. A few responded to the title with laughs and boos. No one paid it much mind, and during the disembowelment scene, a few people took their kids to the candy stand. *Snuff* continues to stink up the universe on videotape through a few collector's cult companies.



Phoenix International Films presents
"POOR CECILY" starring **ANGELA FIELD** and **WILLIAM QUINN**
as CECILY HARTFORD and ANTHONY
with
Sandy Dempsey · Cindy Summers · Lacy Stewart · Sedric Kent · Robert Woods · Angela Wade
Photographed by STACY LOCKWOOD · Music Composed and Conducted by SIR LELAND SYTHE · Costuming by STEVEN STEWART
Lighting by J. STEMMER and PHILIP HOOVER · Production Designer MARLOW PROCTOR
Written by CEDRIC MALCOLM · Produced by CEDRIC MALCOLM · Directed by CEDRIC MALCOLM

Poor Cecily

by Bill

Poor Cecily is a sexploitation costume dime store epic set in pre-revolutionary England and America. Like other films such as **Slaves in Cages**, **Poor Cecily** masquerades as a foreign import to make it seem that its S&M content is that much more authentic. In reality, the film was shot in Hollywood by Franklin G. Perl, who also made the incredible **Climax of Blue Power**.

The narrative is an excuse to present Cecily (Angela Field), a servant girl, enduring a series of carnal and Sadean misfortunes. The orgy scenes reduce everything to a jumble of nude bodies and powdered wigs, with genitals neatly obscured by camera angles or body placement. They're not quite hardcore, but very close.

Poor Cecily's infamous highlight occurs when Cecily is arrested for stealing, stripped of her powdered wig and sent to Fire Rock Dungeon. An old man clad in what resembles a Long John Silver's cashier's uniform supervises the torture of virtually every bust model in Hollywood. Leading lady Field, Uschi Digart, Sandy Dempsey and Cindy Summers, among others, are whipped, chained, caged, branded, put on racks and pilloried. There is total nudity for the women, all whom seem to have been rubbed with glistening oil, although Ms. Digart forgot to wash off her blue eye shadow when removing her clothes. Two shirtless executioner types, one an eyepatched Dave-Ruby type blockhead, do the physical work in tormenting the victims. Red lights beat down over these unclothed **Classics Illustrated**-like, proceedings, with music worthy of a 1940 horror film barging over the soundtrack. Angela Field, who surprisingly sustains a convincing English accent, also adds her own **Justine**-like commentary about her dungeon ordeal.

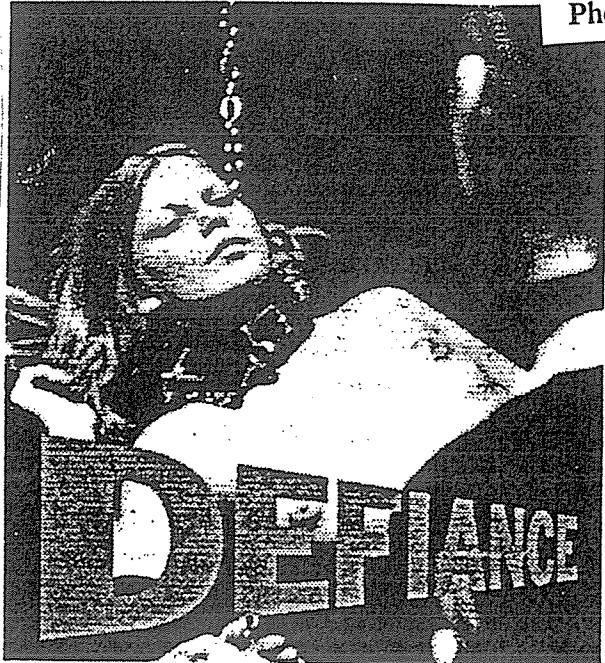
Unlike other exploitation films which use a few quick scenes to bait and tease audiences, **Poor Cecily**'s torture chamber sequence actually delivers its promise, lingering for about ten minutes. Although much of **Poor Cecily** is monotonous, this scene, hokey as it is, made the film addictive to the aged **Sex to Sexy** set, as well as nerds who treasured its blunt S&M. The film has such a reputation that a complete set of its choice stills was successfully merchandised through the kink newspaper *Fetish Times*.

Difficult to catch after its initial release, **Poor Cecily** occasionally surfaced in Hollywood Boulevard grindhouses. It had some Baltimore playdates during the early 1980s when the now defunct Maryland censor board forbade anything other than softcore sex. Its inaccessibility only built its myth, and its S&M scenes made **Poor Cecily** one of the most sought after sexploitation films in the collector pantheon. Collectors would beg, borrow and steal items from the film from one another. Bill George, a Baltimore movie poster dealer with a wig sown in his head, was so desperate that he actually ran off with the **Poor Cecily** stills that I had obtained through *Fetish Times*.

By the time video appeared, versions of **Poor Cecily** proliferated. Collectors endlessly obsessed over whether or not their **Poor Cecily** was the uncut version. Some of prints transferred to video had the infamous torture chamber scene removed, others were ragged and spliced. The most entertaining and complete version was originally copied off European satellite dish. Not only is the print intact, but it has a faded pink/purple quality which offend purist collectors, but has a distinct charm for aficionados who recall discovering old prints theatrically.



Photo: Michelle



8th Avenue between 45th
and 46th Streets

(Mrs. Wilson's apartment:

top two floors of the Eros building)

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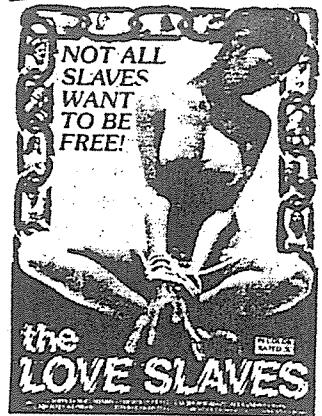
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BLACK AND BLUE

NEW YORK'S ROUGHIE GRINDHOUSES AND THE FILMS THAT PLAYED THEM

by

Michelle Clifford and Bill Landis



The theater with the reputation of being the oldest and most notorious grindhouse in Times Square was the Cameo Theater, located on West 44th Street and 8th Avenue. It was only two speedy blocks north from the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The Cameo was a huge, cavernous two floor affair with the second floor for employees only. The projection room had a storage space for prints both current and rotting. Two busy toilets flanked patrons as they walked past the theater's glass front doors. The Cameo began its reputation back in 1964 when distributor Stan Borden presented *Olga's Girls* and its spinoffs like *White Slaves of Chinatown* and *Olga's House of Shame* with marathon runs..

Chelly Wilson paid lip service to community standards while making a quick buck off of the small cluster of Greek immigrants who lived in Hell's Kitchen. She'd show Greek language films every Sunday at the Cameo so they wouldn't attack her smut peddling the other six days of the week. It was one of Mrs. Wilson's tithes to the Greek business association, of which she was a proud and rowdy member. Of course, other Greeks were disgusted by her pursuits, but her money didn't stink. In fact, the Greek Mafia she worked for couldn't get enough of the smell. They had a taste for it.

In the mid-1970s, the Cameo became the superdome of the rough sex action picture. It premiered *Femmes De Sade*, *Masters of Discipline*, *Love Slaves* -- anything with a superkinky reputation that proceeded winning titles. The audience was busy, with massage parlor girls and streetwalkers pecking around for business in its aisles. Black transvestites offering "honey, you want anything for \$5?" were a constant. Leftover disco era clones in cowboy hats hovered near the well traveled toilets.

A roughie classic that played the Cameo back in 1976 was *Love Slaves*. It was the only hardcore film directed by the late softcore roughie legend Bob Cresse under his pseudonym "Robert Husong." Cresse is renown for classic S&M films like *Love Camp Seven*, *Hot Spur* and many others. The plot revolves around a drug ring that kidnaps women. The girls are shot up with heroin, hypnotized, and turned into lethal, sexually driven assassins. John Leslie plays a federal agent sent to bust it down. The dirty airport novel plot holds together an abstract fetish movie sprinkled with blatant, graphic sex scenes in the raunchy loop tradition. Like Cresse's other films, you enter a drone and exit it at disturbing, severe and sexually driven moments. Rope bondage, catfights, closeups of syringes piercing flesh and as the piece de resistance, the love slaves fucking impassive dildedo mannequins. *Love Slaves* provided a spicy, rich and varied menu of kinks that was able to engage the most jaded of palettes.

The Cameo premiered *The Abduction of Lorelei* starring Metasex's favorite masochist, wild and sexy Serena in a velour kidnap psychodrama. As Serena gets into her gold Lincoln Continental after a wearying day at the mall, she is dragged from the parking lot into a nondescript van by two biker scum. They bring her to their white trash hideout, where she meets the female part of this vile troika. They subject her to rope bondage and repeated rough violations, in one bitter instance with a Coke bottle. In between abuse sessions, they groove on Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* and guffaw in methamphetamine glee about their upcoming ransom windfall. Serena, superstar she is, plays on the male kidnappers' libidos to outwit them, leading to the surprise joybuzzer ending. *The Abduction of Lorelei* delivered its promise with exceptionally heavy B&D scenes alternating with graphic hardcore sex. The three supporting players are effective unknowns, with no associations to other films. Serena, as always, more than lives up to her

infamous S&M reputation. Remembering this film will lead you to ask "where is Serena today" and "is she still *alive*?"

A most peculiar Cameo offering was **Red Heat**, written and directed by cult movie figure Ray Dennis Steckler and his wife using the collective pseudonym of Cindy Lou Sutter. **Red Heat** is equal parts off kilter Vegas travelogue, bloody sex killer flick and raunchy loop package, all in one. The grizzled sounding offscreen female narrator tells of her sleazy adventures directing skinflicks. Then she tells you about her star Red Heat, who went on a wild murder spree. The sex scenes are raunchy early seventies hotel room balling populated by hardboiled, aged Vegas pros. Las Vegas is really the co-star, showing off a constant tapestry of nightclub marquees advertising the likes of Barry Manilow, Buddy Hackett and Flip Wilson filmed under a blinding white sun. This is intercut with after dark drive by shots of degenerate massage parlors and adult bookstores. Watch for director Steckler's cameo as Red stabs him in the shower. It's far from a conventional hardcore film, but **Red Heat** still had enough oomph to satisfy horny Cameo denizens. When the Cameo turned into a \$1.99 triple bill house in the 1980s, tourists, suckers and guys from Jersey in groups made the pilgrimage.

The Venus Theater was originally called the Eros II, but changed names in the mid-seventies so people would stop confusing it with the gay Eros next door. The Venus was Mrs. Wilson's second roughie showcase. The Venus showed *all* aspects of the violation theme, whether interracially in **The Big Man**, starring Jim Cassidy and John Holmes, or be it guys in gorilla costumes. There were abductors, psychedelic pissing, or filmed volcanic eruptions of *all* bodily fluids (shit, piss, semen, menstruation), sometimes all at once, flew across the Venus grubby, stained screen. The Venus audience was mostly black men agreeable to any kind of kinky anonymous sex and white men seeking a dingy experience. All manner of 8th Avenue flotsam floated in after midnight like a tide breaking. Hustlers, drug casualties, homeless perverts. In the 1980s, the Venus was an incredible place for reruns, be it **Teenage Fantasies** or any number of Shaun Costello movies.

The Intrusion was a frequent Venus replay. Pseudonymously directed by "Art Nouveau" (most likely Shaun Costello), **The Intrusion** is a meditation on the molecular structure of a rape. Kim Pope plays a shy, bored housewife married to ineffectual businessman Levi Richards. Michael Dattore cruises suburban streets in his car looking for the just right house to invade. After posing as an insurance salesman, he suddenly pushes his way into the quiet home. Dattore's shrunken skeltor coke head and loud plaid pants only makes him more rank and believable. He hustles the frightened wife upstairs, where he beats her face with his cock, violates her with a knifehandle, and face fucks her. The Filipino maid surprises him, and she gets some of the same. She's stripped, revealing her pubic hair shaved into a heart. He ties her hands behind her back. After acquiescing to Dattore, she is ordered onto the bed with Pope. It all builds to a crescendo of an oral orgy. A flip book reprise of the whole film is presented, leading up to the final moment with the maid drawing a fatal close to the rapist's whole insane outburst. Menace is the leitmotif of **The Intrusion**. Sharp character performances and professional direction contribute to its overwhelming sense of erotic threat, which is amplified by its malevolent avant-garde soundtrack. **The Intrusion** is a tight, compelling, minimalist psychodrama.

The friendly neighbor of the Venus and Eros was the Capri Theater on 46th Street and 8th Avenue owned by Tom, a nondescript little Greek guy. The Capri was a long, shoebox styled grindhouse with a busy balcony. A staircase above the balcony led to the owner's office. Tom was a sometime XXX producer but looked like he should be running a coffee shop. The Capri had a reputation in the seventies for showing so-called "quality" adult films tinged with a patina of kink. These features brought a dedicated crowd bearing five dollar bills to the boxoffice. The Capri was considered reasonably safe despite the 8th Avenue hookers who'd mosey around during closing time.

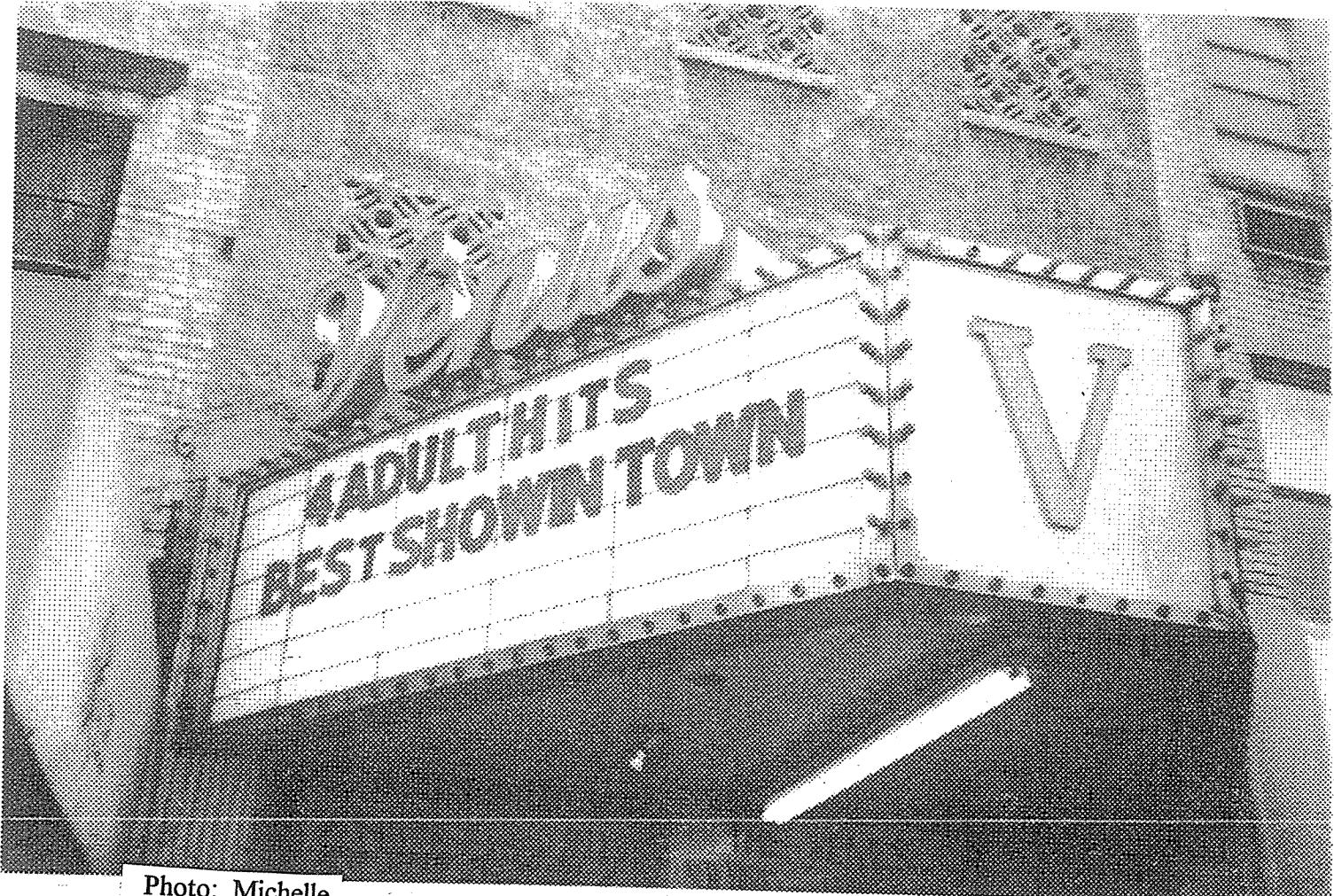
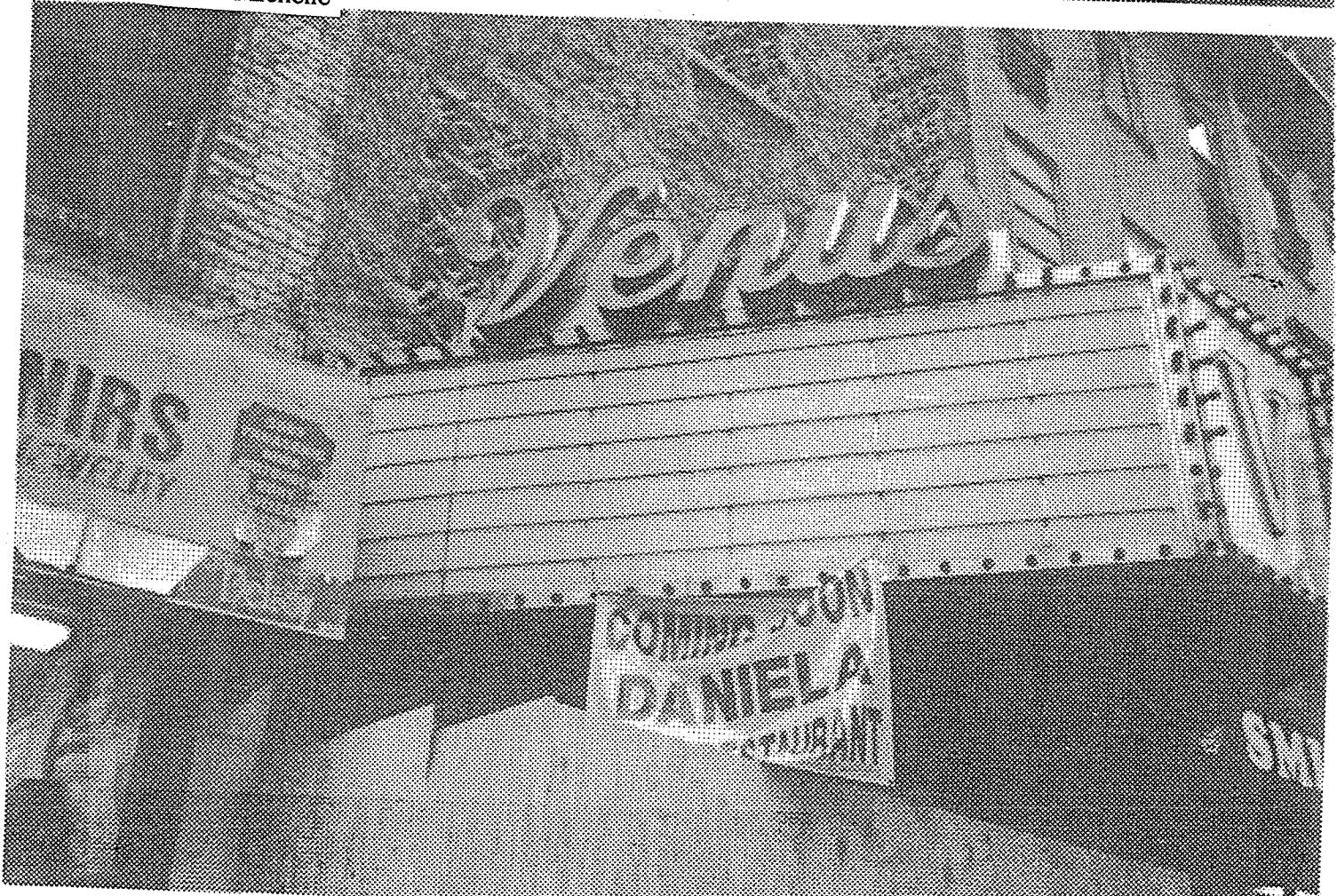


Photo: Michelle



The Capri was immortalized in Shaun Costello's *Afternoon Delight*. George Payne, Vanessa Del Rio and Dave Ruby, all attired in leather, get it on with a shattered looking Alan Marlow in the theater's balcony.

One of the Capri's popular 1977 offerings was the Jamie Gillis vehicle, *Winter Heat*. Shot in the middle of winter, with all the inherent isolation cold weather imparts. Snow covers the remote cabins where Jamie, Helen and their two aging Stonewall era traveling companions bust in on three passive girls. These creeps take over the cabin and have their raw way with the pitiful girls. *Winter Heat* was an ambient roughie which struck a relaxed groove through its insulated setting and occasional disco music interludes. Gillis is in top form. His seedy brutishness sets the film's tone. Gillis, at one point, humiliates and force feeds oatmeal to a girl who, when provoked, explains her shaved pussy as the result of recent surgery. This only inspires Gillis on. One of the few films to feature Helen Madigan in a dominant role. Creative verbal abuse, avracious sex and curious casting made *Winter Heat* a comfortable white noise for the Capri's roughie fans. It was a must see for Gillis aficionados.

By the mid-1980s, the Capri turned into a \$1.99 second run house. It was so infested by crackheads that the theater's management was forced to team up with the NYPD to stop the place from being a full tilt crack palace. Tom handed over the Capri's daily operations to the hands of a couple of patois babbling Haitians who suffered from terrible B.O., and Mary, an old stone faced Greek troll, who oversaw the cashbox. After Mary quit, Tom hired Wayne. Wayne was an aged career chickenhawk with a Grecian formula pompadour who worked every single adult theater in Times Square at one point or another. Wayne was known for tricking with troublemaking Latinos. One wily youth went so far as to rob a local black coke dealer named Muscles. When Wayne got rid of that kid, everyone at the Capri was glad. Wayne was quiet, but his friends were trouble.

Forty-second Street's biggest, friendliest and best liked adult house was the Rialto One. It was situated right on 42nd Street and 7th Avenue. The heart of the Deuce. Surprisingly, patrons made the effort to stay out of each other's way and be unobtrusive to one another. The Rialto was a first run house, so the audience held high expectations for each premiered film. You could bring a date. The Rialto attracted a more cerebral crowd. Opinions flew through the air. Everyone had a say.

In 1977 the Rialto unveiled *Waterpower*, the most bizarre film ever credited to Gerard Damiano but actually directed by Shaun Costello. It's a taboo breaking film dealing with scat and enemas without ever displaying the brown. Since *Waterpower* was made around the time of *Taxi Driver*, you'll see the similarities. It opens with an antisocial, troubled and confused Jamie Gillis wandering through the fetid 9th Avenue Food Fair, stopping briefly to have his bewildered mug placed on a "Spirit of '76" badge. Gillis contemplates the button, then goes home to peek at a stewardess neighbor. Frustrated, he heads to an S&M massage parlor, where Eric Edwards and Marlene Willoughby play a sadistic doctor and nurse. They give a bound and gagged girl a disciplinary high colonic. After seeing this scene unfold, Gillis' gaskets are blown. He goes bonkers, haunting 42nd Street adult bookstores, buying slick enema mags, muttering, "that's where it's at... water and power!" Now crazed and overheated, Gillis goes on a nozzle rampage, beginning with his stewardess neighbor. He progresses to two aged schoolgirls, and ends up with undercover cop C.J. Laing in handcuffs. Gillis gets away scott free, and a postscript mentions the number of unsolved rapes in the United States. *Waterpower* is held together by a straightforward B-picture narrative and goes for a documentary look with brown, muddy photography. The film helped cement Gillis' reputation as dean of the roughies. On its initial release, *Waterpower* flabbergasted 42nd Street's inner city audience, a nearly impossible feat. People could not believe what they had just seen and sat through it numerous times. The film was a real rarity. Everyone kept their hands under control as they sat elbow to elbow, spellbound, watching the acting stylings of Gillis. The crowd laughed and speculated aloud how crazy Gillis was. It

sounds funny, and it was, but it was a very special event. The right audience had shown up for a movie that not only met their expectations but challenged them, keeping everyone engrossed in what was about to happen next. *Waterpower* did its job in spades. It was a dirty movie that delivered heavy sex scenes with an A-level kinky cast. It also worked as a grindhouse picture with a full-scale maniac portrayal by Gillis, an obsessive-compulsive loner who was real enough in terms of Times Square.

The Globe was a big rude theater squatting right next to Nathan's Famous Hot Dog emporium on 43rd Street and Broadway. In the early 1960s, it had been a revered nudist theater for aging World War II veterans. In the 1970s, the Globe peeled its fisheye towards freaky stuff, like 1974's **Climax of Blue Power**. Originally, the movie was reviled by critics for its intermingling of violence and twisted sex, but its eye catching ad campaign, classic title and high voltage content made the picture enormously popular. The film is one of the boldest, at times funniest, and most unrelenting roughies ever made, entering taboo realms within role playing and terminal kinks. Jason Carns plays a security guard who gets off impersonating an LAPD officer. During his voyeuristic prowls, he rapes, debases and bullies hookers. One night while peeping in windows he accidentally spies a woman killing her husband during a heated argument. Carns stews in his own perversions, watching anal loops and terrorizing a massage parlor owner after having a two girl session. His erotomanias draw him back to the murder over and over. He fantasizes about brutalizing the murderer and he acts on his obsession, even assaulting her in drag. She rewards him with the appropriate, final remedy he is seeking -- his death at her hands.

Climax of Blue Power is made in a TV movie/Crown International thriller vein, complete with car chases and L.A. location work. The film is an edge of the seat ride. Shockingly hostile in intent and execution, sex scenes emerge as integral parts of the narrative. It's raw, yet the film adroitly walks a tightrope of prurient impact. Jason Carns, with his nondescript good looks, gives a transcendent performance as the perverted antagonist. He's so convincing that you shudder at the thought of this creep living next door to you, which sustains the believability that most hardcore films lack. The hardened Hollywood Boulevard female cast members are equally apropos. (Watch for the curious glimpse of Uschi Digart in the massage parlor). **Climax of Blue Power** was a terrific movie and a must for anyone into rough sex.

By 1976 the Globe had deteriorated into just another shabby adult house with odd happenings like Mark (Mr. 10 ½) Stevens, high on a fistful of drugs, approaching bewildered and shocked nerds by the toilets. Stevens enjoyed getting off while his image played on the big screen.

In late 1976 the Globe renamed itself the Rialto East and went high quality super sleaze. The first feature to kick off the name change was **The Double Exposure of Holly**. It's the story of Jewish American Princess Holly Levin (Catherine Earnshaw) who is married to an old man for money but fucks around constantly behind his back. One of her throwaway lovers puts her under video surveillance in an attempt to destroy her marriage. This chaos triggers a ripple effect of betrayals and murder. **The Double Exposure of Holly** captures the glossy dissipation of sexual decadence in mid-1970s Manhattan. Jamie Gillis remembers that the director Bob Gill was a drop-in director and only around for this one hardcore film. The conflict driven narrative structure resembles an existential soap opera. As the investigating team, Gillis and Terri Hall, always terrific together, are impressive as sex driven depressives. Hardcore scenes appear fluidly. Terri Hall nods out and imagines a dark, disembodied orgy set to an aural tapestry of ambient jazz music. Annie Sprinkle appears as a peabrain, giddy hooker who seduces Gillis in a prearranged threeway with Nancy Dare. Leading lady Catherine Earnshaw, who also used the names Cary Lacy and Catherine Burgess, was a hardcore anomaly. She appeared in a few big budget porno films, performed simulated sex, but required a body double for hardcore inserts. She was hired, it seems, to lend a patina of glamour. It's also curious to see videotape, which is sadly now the almost necrophilic norm, used as a futuristic kinky

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voyeuristic device. **The Double Exposure of Holly** is a moody, erotic film noir with its own unique aesthetic.

In the early 1980s the Rialto East turned into a Spanish language theater. Then, Sweetheart Theaters, an arm of the Jewish Mafia with many fingers in Times Square pies, bought the theater. Sweetheart also owned high profile first run theaters like the Circus, Mini and World Theaters. All of the Sweetheart Theaters were running steadily on the decline. They broke the Rialto East in half to make a twin theater and renamed it the Big Apple. After this change, the theater turned extremely rank. Black sleepers, unskilled pickpockets, failed beat drug salesmen, couples chasers, and one-armed bandits were all drawn by the Big Apple's large size. They had the luxury of changing films or "scenes" at any point by moseying over to the twins' other side. Films played like **Big Abner** with John Holmes and Jim Cassidy, but no one really watched the movie. Everyone watched each other. The theater was a big jerk off palace. The Big Apple stunk, it had sticky floors, and after leaving anyone sane would burn their clothes and dose themselves with RID.

If you came in a couple, you were immediately the audience's sexual focus in a hostile, come shot way. The whole vibe of the joint was blank, not home and more than disaffected, like a crowd of aggressive sexual autistics. Once during a showing of **Orgy Party** a white couple came in and quietly sat down near the front. The woman looked around, nervously, not trusting her surroundings. She looked like an innocuous out of towner. Suddenly she hollered: "WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?" The audience came to a stunned standstill. "Your head is ten feet tall!" She called the guy with her an asshole and, getting up out of her seat to leave, she scanned the audience watching her. "You're all assholes, too!" she barked, almost knocking the exit doors off their hinges. Just another quirky Times Square outburst.

The Big Apple's rotting neighbor, Nathan's Famous Hot Dogs, held strong until about 1989 when it finally closed up shop because so few people would eat there. It was too out of control with crazy crack casualties acting as if it were their psych ward. Nathan's wide, cascading staircase led to a vision out of **Caligula**. The very public toilets in Nathan's were so terrible that all the doors were removed, giving an unappetizing piss show to unaware diners. The ladies room fared no better, as it was utilized as a bidet station to the lowest of Deuce streetwalkers. Tourists seeking refuge and food would enter Nathan's and became confused. If they ordered a meal, they ate grimly, leaving most of their leaden food behind, grabbing their stomachs, running horrified from the place.

The Lincoln Art Theater charged a little more to keep the riff raff out, with a \$5 admission price for only one feature. It was a little north of Times Square on West 57th Street near Carnegie Hall and had come to prominence through **The Devil in Miss Jones'** year long marathon run. The Lincoln Art showed freaky raunch and an occasional gay film like Fred Halsted's **Sextool**. Women -- anything wearing lipstick -- were admitted to **Sextool** for a cut rate \$3 admission. Even though it showed straight films, much of the Lincoln Art's audience was homosexual, with a lot of cruise activity. To its credit, however, you could enjoy heterosexual oral sex openly as long as you didn't mind providing a show for the rest of the house. The Lincoln Art had a mostly white crowd, as opposed to Times Square's inner city black stronghold.

Films like Roberta Findlay's **The Clamdigger's Daughter**, better known as **A Woman's Torment**, opened at the Lincoln Art. Frankly, the films made by Roberta solo without husband Mike are terrible. Yakking Manhattan shrinks, unsatisfied sex and kvetching women. The plot revolves around a drunken psychiatrist (Jake Teague) and his sexually frustrated wife (Jennifer Jordan). Meanwhile, Tara Chung sits in a beach house like a zombie and murders men after she has sex with them. Director Findlay has a cameo as Chung's nosy neighbor. The swirling camera angles, disjointed closeups of body parts and terminal underpinnings recall Roberta's 1960s efforts, but are updated for hardcore. They're also reminiscent of the

sex and horror hybrids of Andy Milligan during his **Ghastly Ones** prime. Violent deaths, combative fucking and ensemble acting by ubiquitous New York players Jennifer Jordan and the bewigged, aged Teague create a sexual disharmony on every level. The film was an unwatachable headwrecker, and only bearable to neurotic, diehard Roberta Findlay fans.

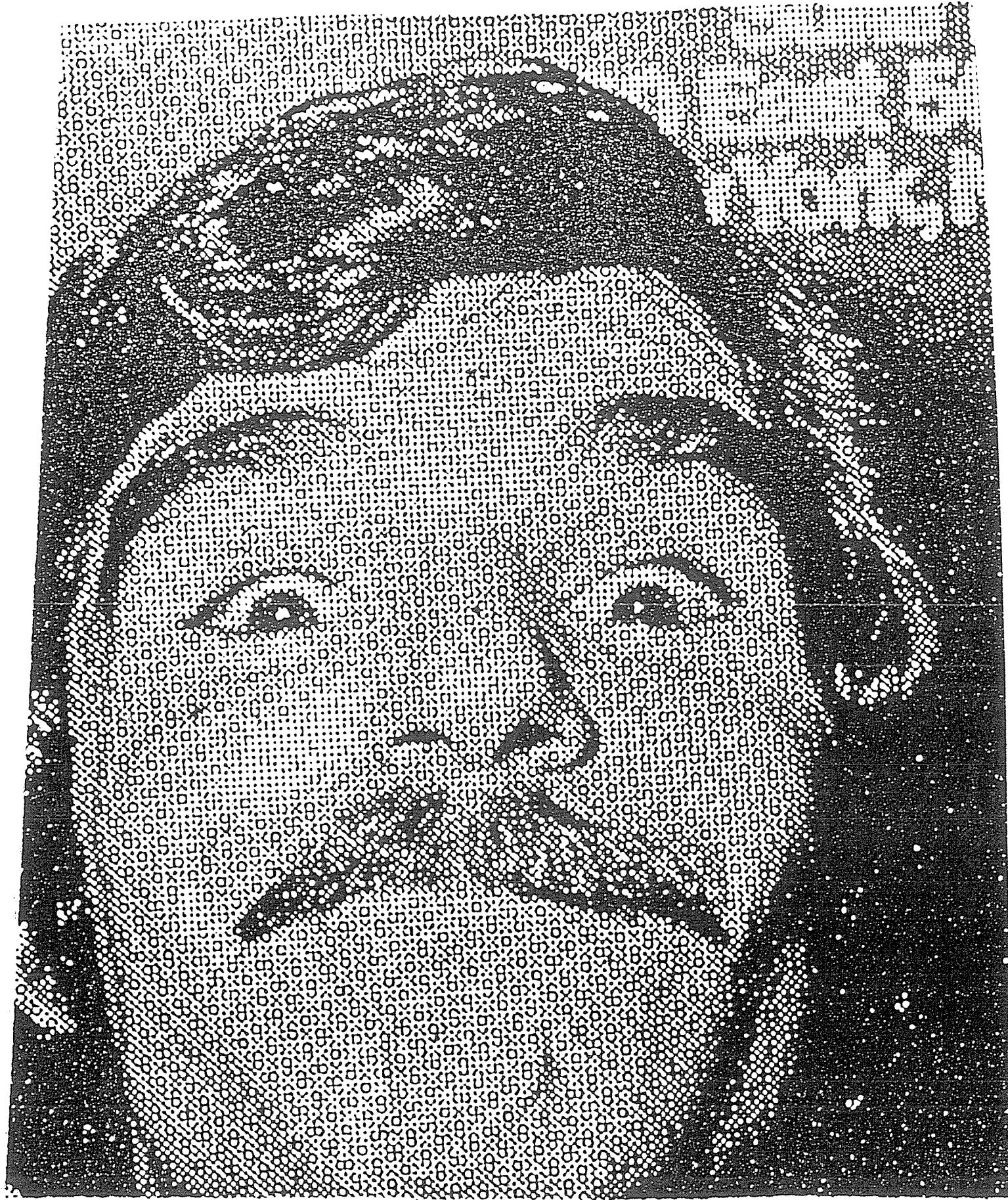
The Lincoln Art had a huge run with **A Dirty Western**, the film that dragged the time honored genre of the sex western into the hardcore age. It differs from bare bones psychodramas like **Hot Spur** or teepee cheapies like **Ramrodder** by actually delivering its promise. **A Dirty Western** boasts aerial shots of the great plains, twangy original music, a meticulously illustrated title sequence, horseback riding outlaws and possees, and many outdoor sex scenes that are natural extensions of the storyline. Barbara Bourbon, iconized by Radley Metzger/Henry Paris as **Pamela Mann** and familiar to exploitation film fans from **Girls For Rent** and **The Candy Tangerine Man**, plays Sarah, a rancher's wife. Three jailbirds, outfitted in convict black and white stripes, strip and rape Sarah, leaving her suspended by rope. The cons take off with Sarah's three sexy skinny dipping daughters, shoving and dragging the nude girls along. An orgy in a stream unfolds, with the girls performing incredible underwater sexual gymnastics. As Sarah and her husband follow in hot pursuit, the villains hole up with the daughters in a cave, where the girls go about their escape by exhausting their captors. Although there's amusing hokey touches -- Barbara's wig is a wobbly nylon prop store cheapie and Levi Richards can't shake his New Yorkese -- the production of **A Dirty Western** is sound, with the roughie template of victimized women turning the tables on their male aggressors fully realized.

Ten blocks south of the Lincoln Art, in the middle of Times Square's tourist promenade was the Doll Theater on 47th Street and 7th Avenue. It was right across the street from the TKTS booth and the shat upon statue of Father Duffy. In **Taxi Driver**, the Doll was featured as part of Travis' neon schizophrenic sexual netherworld.

The Doll was part sex parlor, part revival house. It was a live sex acts theater running double features of hour long one reelers, with the occasional two reel Zebedy Colt feature thrown into the mix. The programming was exquisite, thanks to the cinematic selections of Stella and the Martinez brothers. It showed the finest vintage roughies and movies with dedicated followings. Drop into the Doll and you could see John Holmes, a Joe Davian film, or the pact with the Devil movie, **Mary Mary**, with Constance Money.

The Doll was a tiny shoebox seating perhaps 80 people, tops. It was basically a mellow, secure place. Less assault prone than 8th Avenue's Venus, although Japanese tourists were frequent targets for toilet muggings. A live on stage sex performance interrupted the movies every hour and a half. For such a small, unassuming place, the Doll was popping. Porno stars who were starring in a picture playing, or ones who were recovering from just making one hung out there. The theater appealed to a metosexually bent personage. The disaffected, people who fall into all categories. A building full of offbeat heterosexuals. Homosexual admirers of these metosexuals would prowl around, like Burt Reynolds' pal, Dom Deloise. Dom cruised and was gregarious enough to give autographs. It was shocking that he didn't care who recognized him.

You could find human makings for a good party at the Doll, whether to be enjoyed on premise or purchased for later. Drugs were available: the projectionist sold Percodans, the live sex show teams sold coke and pot. Latino knuckleheads were used in a sandwich boy capacity to go fetch dope in neighboring Hell's Kitchen. Patrons who wanted to be voyeurs were left alone. Their peripheral vision burned anyone unappealing off. People could meet partners by flashing or sitting with a ready to go erection in a little recessed row, accepting or rejecting offers of sex. If someone wished to receive favors, they'd make a hand gesture resembling hailing a cab. The live show on stage would spread an infectious party fever, with



Harry Reems enjoying a Frisco speedball (acid, coke & heroin)

hookers hopping on guys' laps, getting their cash and going for it right in the audience. The rest of the crowd would worship these moments of sexual abandon. It was an authentic experience and that's what anyone really wanted there. On slow days the Doll was like a metronomic heartbeat.

The week when **Forced Entry** played the Doll, it wrecked everybody's heads. Written and directed by "Helmut Richler" (Shaun Costello), **Forced Entry** was notorious. Its initial release in 1971 left audiences agape. The film continued to haunt Times Square adult theaters through the early 1980s. **Forced Entry** is a groundbreaking film in that its female lead (Laura Cannon) was the first hardcore star to pose for girl next door loving **Playboy**, which was played up in the film's ad campaign and title credits. More importantly, the film is the first fully realized feature to cross the sex and horror genres. Pre-**Deep Throat** fame, Harry Reems is sans his trademark Beefsteak Charlie mustache and is credited under his hokey loop moniker of "Tim Long." Harry does a 360 degree turn from the hambone he's known as, playing a shellshocked Army vet just back from Vietnam, pumping gas and following women home after they use his service station. He forces the girls into sex at knifepoint as he unleashes torrents of verbal abuse, climaxing in stabbings. **Forced Entry** features some of the most hate driven talk ever documented on film. Harry threatens to cut the eyes out of a bewildered trampy girl as she gives him head. He screams about shit on his dick after he anally violates his next victim. Making the movie even more disturbing is the unrelenting newsreel Vietnam atrocity footage interspersed throughout. The sex scenes are imaginatively photographed in a post-psychedelic manner, graphic and blunt. The cast is fleshed out by freak era, big titted actresses. After the reaction Reems received from **Forced Entry**, he refused to accept any more hardcore psycho dominance roles. Curiously, the film was remade under the same title in an R-rated version starring Tanya Roberts. Not for the fainthearted, **Forced Entry** is a sexual anxiety attack. The live show guys who had themselves been to Vietnam took great offense to the film and literally turned their backs to it.

The Avon Hudson, located on 44th Street between 6th Avenue and Broadway, was a veteran of the days when Warhol films were merchandised as sex movies. It drew elbow to elbow crowds. According to Avon maintenance man Benny Torres, "the Hudson had three balconies with everything goin' on in them."

Shaun Costello's **Dominatrix Without Mercy** played a marathon run at the Hudson. Marlene Willoughby answers a want ad in **Screw** magazine offering thousands of dollars. It turns out to be a busy Manhattan dominance apartment run by a frumpy madame. The film's overlapping vignettes depict different sadomasochistic situations played out by perverted sexual compulsives. Incidents appear with the fluidness of daydreams brought to life. The cast is a compilation of mid-1970s New York S&M bent porno superstars, all of whom let their hair down. Marlene has the looks and charisma of an Eric Stanton cartoon come to life, dramatic without being laughable. Masochist Terri Hall changes caps to become a dominant. Jamie Gillis is a sexual nihilist rope freak kept in a closet. He's later raped orally with a dildo by Marlene. Vanessa Del Rio gives the submissive performance of a lifetime; you are amazed she went though it. The button downed, wee mustachioed Grover Griffith provides the comic highpoint as an overamped slave. **Dominatrix Without Mercy** was produced by Jason Russell under the pseudonym "S.S. Plug."

Another big draw at the Hudson were Joe Davian's films, including the supernaturally bent **Night of Submission** and the deranged women's prison melodrama **Domination Blue**. Davian's dark masterpiece **Revenge and Punishment** opens in a cemetery with an Oriental dominatrix out to avenge the death of her sister. A porno photographer who beats his models receives her wrath with penis restraints, riding crops and whips. The heroine receives a thorough gynecological examination by the perverted doctor who gave her sister the fatal abortion (a startlingly effective Al Levitsky). She gains the confidence of another peek-a-boo shutterbug, incarnated with sexual bluntness by Dave Ruby. Hair club for men member Jake Teague is believably sleazy as an evil senator. Although uneven, with slow passages between the shocks, **Revenge and Punishment** confirms that Davian is an adroit constructionist of erotic menace.

House of De Sade and **Fetishes of Monique** put the Hudson crowd in a more jovial mood. **House of De Sade** is a wild haunted house romp with Vanessa Del Rio and her sexually overactive cohorts conjuring the spirit of the Marquis De Sade during a nonstop orgy. Davian's staples of heavy B&D with appropriate equipment is in full force. Vanessa' resilience in slave scenes, from chastity belts to nipple clamps, boggles the mind.

The Hudson also had success premiering **Fetishes of Monique**. The film focuses on a mad scientist and his kinky, glitter era assistant who develop an aphrodisiac made from the scientist's own sperm. The scientist keeps human experiments in prison cells, where they perform a plethora of sex acts that a photographer records. Enormous ben-wa balls come in to play. Nurse Monique and the shutterbug make off with the lust inducing liquid. After they fuck, Monique is kidnaped and dragged back to the lab. The scientist and his assistant give her a gynecological exam and a whipping. This movie is Davian's version of lighthearted.

The Bryant Theater was smack in the middle of 42nd Street between Broadway and 6th Avenue. The Bryant also housed Avon Picture Company's headquarters nestled on its top floor. The Bryant's cashbox was a tiny closet with half a wall of glass exposed to the sidewalk, as if the cashier were an exhibit, becoming the human face of the theater. The admission was a bargain basement \$1.99 at all times.

In the 1970s the Bryant took a lot of flack from **Screw** magazine for showing old softcore movies in the age of hardcore. Around 1976 the Bryant changed its policy to triple bills of second run hardcore. One of their most memorable triples was **Lunch, Night After Night** and **Sweet and Sour**. **Lunch** was a realistic look at a sexual pest bothering some San Francisco freaks who are sharing space at a creepy boarding house. **Night After Night** is a New Yorky piece in which Jamie Gillis, Alan Marlow and Eric Edwards find renewed marital bliss after cheating on their wives with Darby Lloyd Raines. **Sweet and Sour** is another good New York movie in which Jamie Gillis imagines a pickup with a girl he sees in a coffee shop. He imagines bringing her home for an afternoon fling. The punch line is when the girl is revealed to be an undercover crossdressing cop.

The Bryant's front glass doors led down a long lobby which was literally a hall of mirrors. There was a pay phone booth in the lobby which afforded Avon's staff a smidgen of privacy while making and taking drug orders. An anonymous door by the pay phone led to a long, rickety, wooden stairway, which led to the Avon Pictures' office. One big dusty room of worn down wooden office furniture. That's where you'd find Stella, Murray, and Phil. Stella's desk had an intercom where she could place a chubby finger on a button and buzz the boxoffices of any of the other Avon theaters in Times Square. Some days at the Bryant, there would be Cheri Champagne picking up a paycheck and hustling up some more film work, or Brad Sanders, the projectionist, inevitably cornered by Phil, hearing out another of his psychotic schemes and hysteria driven film ideas. The Bryant was a madhouse and a beehive of criminal activity.

The theater itself was one giant floor. In the winter everyone froze. A space heater was shoved dangerously next to the live sex show performance mattress on stage. The stage was high up over the audience. Having ample room behind its curtains, it was often used for casual quickie sex encounters between Bryant employees. The audience was always crowded, especially Sundays when family deprived Popeyes were all the more lonely. These old farts always demanded that penny change from the \$1.99 admission.

The programming at the Bryant was tremendous. The screen was really big, although the sound could be difficult to make out in the projection booth due to the weird acoustics in the large auditorium. Phil

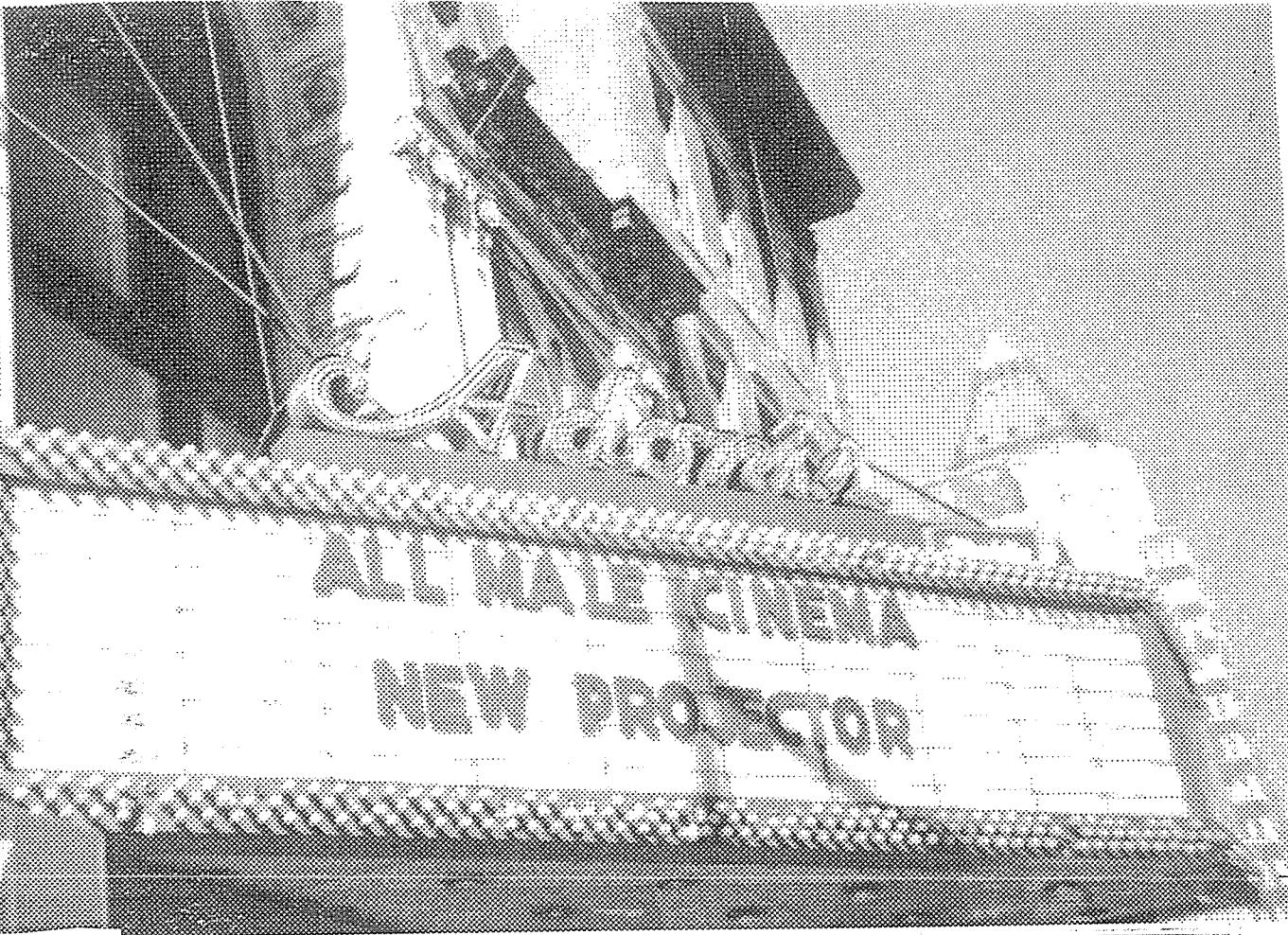
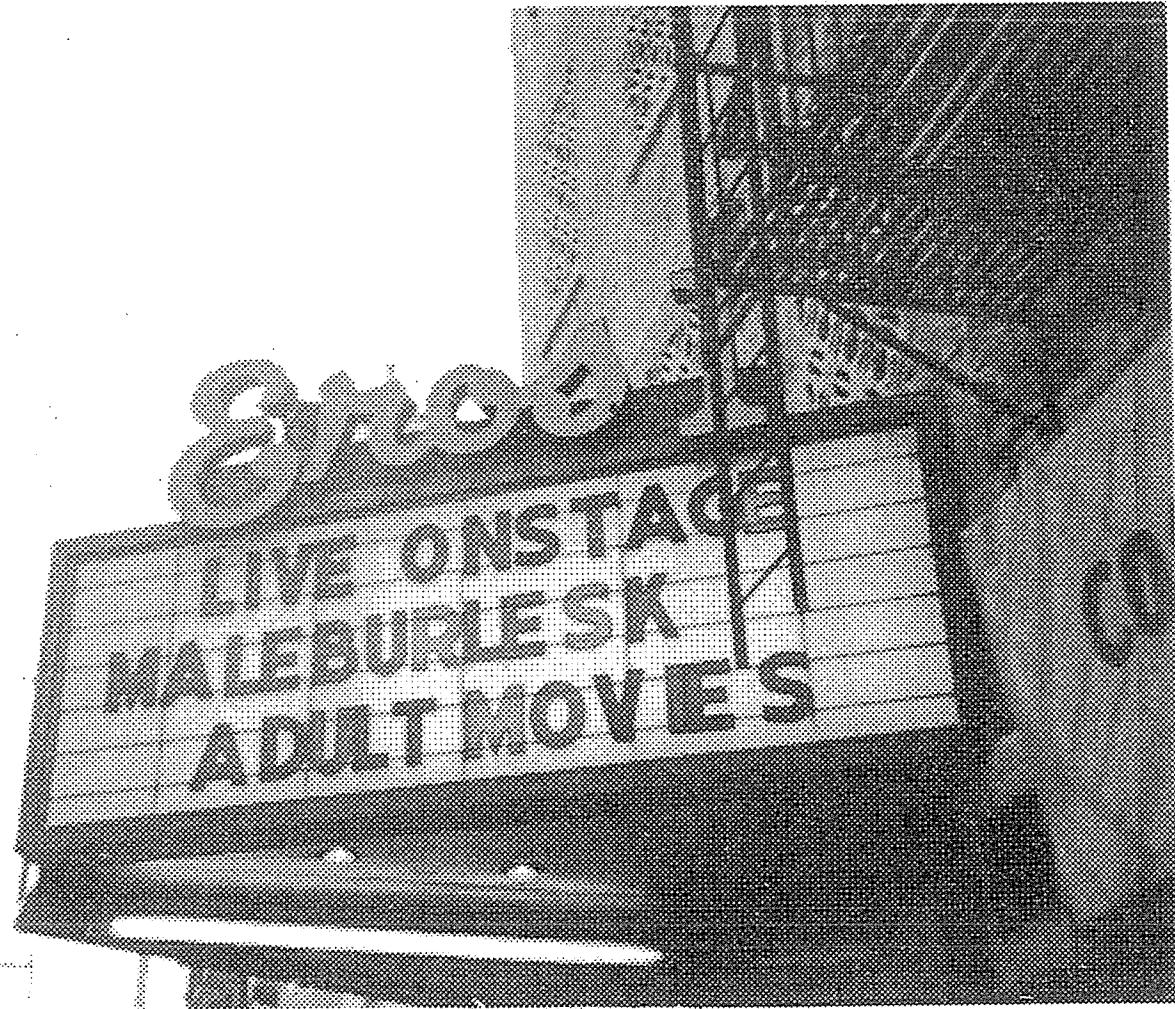


Photo: Michelle



Like many second-string pornographers, Carter Stevens has a background in filming industrials. Unfortunately, this is evident in the movies he makes, all of which ran repeatedly at the Bryant. The sexplay in his films is frequently as appealing as an auto parts demonstration. He has an annoying habit of using unattractive, C-list men who work cheap. Stevens' **House of Sin** is a dull supernatural tale with scant interesting moments, such as willowy blonde Tigr performing upside down blowjob acrobatics. Mistress Candice puts her slave (and then manager) David Christopher through a lengthy 360 degree session showcasing verbal degradation, hair whipping, tit smacking and a piss soaked climax.

Bizarre Styles stars Vanessa Del Rio as a garment district fashionista with a cadre of perverted female sidekicks, including Annie Sprinkle. Skanky Honey Stevens parades herself in a red leather corset, armed with a red cat o'nine tails. She humiliates her male slave with verbal sewage and whipping, leading to an explosive golden shower. Lovers of dirty sex and sleazy women (paired with offputting, effete men) were the only individuals who found this film erotic. **Bizarre Styles** had so much balling in bathrooms that the entire movie seemed shot in one.

The most popular Carter Stevens picture to play the Bryant was **Wicked Schoolgirls**, Avon Films' only starring vehicle for their tiny brunette sadomasochistic dynamo, Velvet Summers. Velvet plays out schoolgirl fetishes, dominates, masturbates, has toilet sex, and fucks practically everyone in the cast. The film's raunchy humor is well integrated with its prurient sex. The best comic scene has Velvet subjugating blockheaded Dave Ruby, who's dressed in a leather bikini and women's garters. He barks and acts like a dog as "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window" wafts over the soundtrack. Carter Stevens put this film together with more style and skill than his typical work. **Wicked Schoolgirls** is among his cheapest yet most accomplished films.

Avon 7 was known for premiering the Phil Prince film efforts Avon produced. Heralded by ads in **The New York Post**, they were as explicit as you could get. The ads were created by the Samson advertising agency. Samson did a lot of ad work for pornographers. Those ads let you know just what you were getting. A clear photo of Sharon Mitchell or Annie Sprinkle packed into a whory corset with ad copy calling her "the biggest pervert in the business" with little chain links surrounding the borders of the ads.

The Avon 7 was located just across the street from the Doll on the corner of 48th Street and 7th Avenue, next to Popeye's Fried Chicken, which provided the staff with many a warm meal. Off the sidewalk and down a flight of stairs you'd enter into a relaxed turnstile/counter which also offered Phil's videos for sale for around \$100 a piece. The admission to the Avon 7 was steep: \$7 for a first-run feature. The theater had been down at the heels in the mid-1970s but Phil had it spruced up with comfy seats and straightened up bathrooms which provided many a happy base party for the live show teams.

Unlike the other Avon Theaters, it was difficult to skim from the boxoffice. Raymond, a retentive, older hispanic queen with hairplugs, was the manager and a known fink. He also ran a bodega after 5 PM in Spanish Harlem. Leon, the projectionist, suffered from Parkinson's disease. Leon took every prescription and street drug he could get his hands on, and had hooker/porn actresses like Helen Madigan servicing him in the projection booth. Phil liked showing up to peep at the Avon 7 audience watching his pictures. High out of his mind, he'd break into high, satisfied grins. Phil was a somebody, for a change.

The Taming of Rebecca was Phil's zenith as a filmmaker, made just after the murder of his wife. Sharon Mitchell runs away from her abusive, incestuous dad David Christopher. She seeks help from malevolent schoolmarm Stella Stevens and is put in a kinky boarding school, where the students have hetero fisting orgies in the dorm. Everyone is prey for the sadistic Dean of Discipline (George Payne) and his



Photo: Michelle



Prince's better second run features played, giving them an extra dimension of depth. Prince's films were backed by Zebedy Colt's almost hysterical features like *The Affairs of Janice* and *The Devil Inside Her*.

Angel in Distress looked great on the Bryant screen. A conventional narrative is deconstructed and rebuilt into an intense S&M psychodrama. Blonde, big titted Joey Karson is kidnaped and held in a tenement on 42nd Street and 8th Avenue, right in the crotch of Times Square. Mistress Candice oversees her verbal threats, torment, bondage and other assaults at the hands of seen it all George Payne. Dave Ruby is a shocker. Bearded, muscled, issuing terroristic sexual threats -- there's a little bit of Richard Speck in that Ruby.

The movie sweats off its storyline as Mistress Candice takes over, abusing, berating, and snarling at virtually the entire cast, creating a many sided S&M orgy. One of its more brutal scenes features three bare breasted women tied to a wooden frame. Largely filmed in one claustrophobic set, peppered with choice location shots, and driven by its cast members' overamped personalities. *Angel in Distress* achieves a Warholian aesthetic. Excellent performances, breakneck pacing, unrelenting sado-sex, and dynamic camerawork using looming p.o.v. angles intermingle to accomplish its symphony of hate.

The Bryant played Phil's segmented loop package, *Tales From the Bizarre*. Four skanks in negligees sit discussing their freakiest sexual experiences in four stories which are equal verbal and physical abuse. Cheri Champagne phones a Screw ad and George Payne appears bearing clothespins and an angry mouth. Phil Prince is featured in the film. He interviews Ambrosia Fox, who reveals her birthdate to be 1966, making her 16 at the time of the filming. Prince Mickey Finns her and drags her into an orgy where he handcuffs her feet to her hands. Alan Adrian and another simpleton jerk off as Phil presides like a basehead gargoyle, laughing in big, ugly closeup. He treats Ambrosia to hot wax, bananas and plenty of psychobabble. Blunt, basic and graphic.

A Bryant staple were Shaun Costello movies . *Prisoner of Pleasure* concerns a hedonistic housewife who swings, gets kidnaped and experiences a masochistic awakening. Excellent New York location work and good character turns, including an assault prone performance by George Payne and a slovenly cameo by Carter Stevens. Long Jeanne Silver's stumpfucking scene tested the audience's limits. The internal voice-over narration by the heroine is both creepy and effective.

Mistress Electra is Shaun's demented hybrid between a *Bachelor Party* and a Mickey Spillane novel. A mild mannered computer programmer watches hardcore loops at the weekly stag parties given by his buddy Harry (Carter Stevens). He's stunned when his prudish wife (Mistress Electra) turns up in one. Detective Steve Tucker follows the wife to a sleazy photo studio on 42nd Street, where Electra leads her double life with the assistance of photographer Marlene Willoughby and her musclemen assistants George Payne and Dave Ruby.

Shaun's talent for making his cast members into larger than life exaggerations, sometimes hideously comical, is amply displayed here. George Payne is a complete bottom, flexing his pecks for Marlene, while at the same time groveling at her high heels. She rewards him with cock torture. Blockheads Steve Tucker and Dave Ruby stick their cocks in the same pussy at the same time. Ruby's routine as a porno photographer is amazingly sleazy and accurate. Out of shape Carter Stevens looks like a leftover from the old Hellfire Club. Steve Tucker is filmed against "ALL MALE" theater marquees, coming across as a big closet queen. Film buffs got a kick out of the lifted soundtrack from *Taxi Driver* and the neon soaked imagery of Times Square.

sinister female assistant (Nico). The no-holds barred climax features Velvet Summers pierced, pissing and receiving a geyser of torment from Payne and Nico. Genuinely psychotic.

The murder was still playing on Phil's mind when he made **Kneel Before Me**. George Payne marries Annie Sprinkle and he becomes delusional, believing that he's the Marquis De Sade. George has nightmares of leather masks, piercings, orchestrating the degradation and torture of slaves at S&M orgies. He calls Alan Adrian an asshole as Adrian pees into his own mouth. He puts Annie in bondage and strangles her to death. In desperation, George seeks counsel from a sadistic doctor (Nico). She hypnotizes him and the nightmares become real and uncontrollable. **Kneel Before Me** is one of Phil's most personal films, and had a very successful Avon 7 run.

Dr. Bizarro features Phil Prince speaking directly to you, the viewer. Clad in a barber's coat, frayed bell bottom jeans, Phil looks like he just got off the basepipe. He plays a psychiatrist who dispenses sexual healing to those in need. Phil presents four case studies of sexual obsessives. George Payne plays a silver haired man with familial problems, which he solves by giving elfin submissives Ambrosia Fox and Velvet Summers sassy spankings. The female dominance angle is harnessed by leather clad Cheri Champagne, who knocks around the long suffering Alan "Spike" Adrian. Entertaining, and worth seeing for Phil's personal, criminally insane presence.

The Avon 7 was packed yet almost reverentially quiet for the opening of Phil's **Forgive Me I Have Sinned**. George Payne plays a perverted priest with a peculiar list of sinners he feels he must reform. Inviting his victims to his church, he hears their confessions, drugs their wine, and holds court over a sadistic orgy. Cheri Champagne humiliates wimpy Martin Patton and gets her comeuppance in a pillory. George gives Ambrosia Fox his special brand of religious instruction. The atmospheric photography, with a visual scheme of red, black and white, make this one of Phil's most distinct films.

Phil Prince's **Story of Prunella** is a criminal's home movie. He captured the ugly look of New York on a gray, rainy November day. The film was shot in 1983, but it has the look of a decade before. Three prisoners (George Payne, David Christopher, Martin Patton) escape and wreak sexual mayhem. This trio of degenerates crashes Ambrosia Fox's wedding shower, where they explode on Ambrosia, her mother (Dixie Dew) and their two big titted friends (Joey Carson and Nico). Another vitriolic Payne performance, as he swears, spits, and issues a barrage of terroristic threats which include Oedipal violation. Ambrosia gets put through heavy paces and blows her brains out at the end. Phil places himself in the film in a comic relief cameo as a bungling cop. **Prunella** had a brief Avon 7 run, and was an infrequent replay at other Avon Theaters.

A less depressing and more eccentric Prince premiere was **Oriental Techniques of Pain and Pleasure**. David Christopher drops a Chinese manuscript belonging to an Oriental torture society somewhere in Queens. Annie Sprinkle finds the manuscript and loses it in her apartment. David kidnaps Annie and her pal Debbie Cole, a busty white trash submissive with a tattoo over one tit. They're taken to a basement with COCKSUCKING SLUT spray painted on the wall. David and George Payne, sporting an odd goatee, abuse them as Nico and Ambrosia Fox masturbate. Annie and Debbie are put in a bondage show where they're tortured by Mistress Candice. Mistress Candice also debases human ashtray Alan Adrian with verbal abuse, clothespin cock torture and a golden shower. Annie's assailants force her to fist a rotted leather queen playing her brother. Phil Prince turns up at the end to rescue the girls. True to its 42nd Street roots, there's nothing Oriental about the movie, except for the Times Square novelty shop kung-fu jackets and China bowl hats worn by the male leads.. **Oriental Techniques** was a real Avon 7 crowd pleaser.

Painmania is Avon Films' most self referential movie, entirely shot inside their Paris Theater. Melissa, the late granddaughter of Avon's owner Murray, has a non-sex role as host, "Nora Nookie from WCUM." She interviews various performers in seedy Paris Theater dressing rooms. They describe their supposedly personal dominant or submissive natures and play out S&M skits on the theater's runway. Especially amusing is the interview with the low paid, ubiquitous muscleman Dave Ruby. Clad in a leather bikini, flexing his pecks, Ruby professes that he "prefers to be dominant" and takes umbrage when Melissa asks him if S&M prevents him from liking normal sex. "What kind of a question is that?!" David Christopher nervously juggles his balls, declares that he enjoys all forms of sex and loves worshiping beautiful women. Padding out the movie are heavy scenes from other Avon films, like the fisting scene in **Oriental Techniques**. The location work and pseudo-documentary approach made this a must for aficionados of Phil Prince or the Avon Theaters scene.

Savage Sadists and **Den of Dominance**, less than an hour each, played the Avon 7 as a premiere double bill. The films were early minor directorial efforts by Phil Prince. Authentically seedy, they again mirror Prince's actual life. In **Savage Sadists** Martin Patton sells porn videos as his wife (skank to end all skanks Nicole Bernard) gets assaulted by two thugs (Danny Stevens and David Christopher) at their low rent split level house. There is a long, dadaesque scene of Patton answering the phone over and over. After Patton fucks his secretary, who's attired in an absurd glitter hat and dress, the wife turns up at his office with the two thugs in hot pursuit. He hides under his desk as they abuse and attack the women.

Den of Dominance features the same cast as **Savage Sadists**. Martin Patton turns up at a saloon where David Christopher is bartender. No alcohol is served. The bar is actually a massage parlor and the movie turns into a full fledged, one room orgy. Featuring petite, brunette, 42nd Street peep booth women recruited out of Avon's live sex stage shows.

The Avon 7 played its share of clunkers, though, like the Ray Dennis Steckler not quite hardcore Nazi movie filled with fart noises, which was yanked after two days due to audience complaints. In 1983 Avon Films acquired some early 1970s no-budget San Francisco curiosities produced by Mary Thomas and directed by Katrina Lee, and re-released them with new ad campaigns. **Young Girls in Bondage** revolves around the dog fetish. A placard announcing the film's psychological redeeming value appears as **The Good, the Bad and the Ugly** score plays on the soundtrack. A girl is in a cage. Her male partner treats her like a dog, as well as subjecting her to caning, verbal abuse, vibrator torment and nipple torture. He strings her up in a bed and a doorframe. Turning the tables, she assumes the dominant role and puts him in the dog cage. Then it's the St. Bernard's turn. He's been silently surveying the proceedings. She attacks the hapless pooch, dry humping him all over. **Young Girls in Bondage** concludes with the couple responding to an off camera interviewer, extolling the psychic benefits of pornographic films.

Young Girls in Bondage was played with another Katrina Lee-Mary Thomas movie, **Begging For It**. **Begging For It** contains some candid and fascinating documentary footage of early 70s San Francisco peep parlors and dirty theaters. It's intercut with sleazoid loops of hotel room balling. Two greasy boys have a mixed combo with two soul sisters to the tune of inexplicable classical music. The grand finale features a freewheelin' freak era denizen in a cowboy hat and a hardboiled broad encased in a corset. This duo fucks atop a Shetland Pony. They follow with B&D acts on the horse while they keep their balance. After watching this spectacle, you'll feel like you spent a night in ol' Tijuana. The amount of overall freakiness in **Begging For It** and **Young Girls in Bondage** made it a thumbs up double bill for the Avon 7 audience.

In late 1983 the Avon 7 was busted for having hookers work the audience. It then changed into an all-male house, renamed the Park Miller. Phil's last picture and one and only all-male movie premiered there. It was an idea that had been festering in Phil's mind for at least two years. He dictated the script to

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the Bryant projectionist, Brad, who recalls "it seemed to be yet another reflection of Phil's life. The story was about a young boy who runs away to New York and winds up at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, giving Phil lots of excuses for location work. The kid gets abused working as an 8th Avenue hustler. He meets an old man who takes care of him. The old man is a member of NAMBLA. The police arrive at the end, breaking up the romance. It was obvious that the whole thing was a dramaturgy of Phil's life with, and affection for, Pat."

The movie was made as **Johnny Boy Blue**, and bore scant resemblance to Brad's original script. Many disgusting scenes were thrown in, like fistings with wriggling fingers displayed through stomach lining.

Johnny Boy Blue premiered at the Park Miller and played only three days in November 1984. By the end of those three days, Phil was psychotic, strapped to a gurney, and in jail for a laundry list of crimes. Armed robbery, attempted murder, illegal possession of a firearm, possession of controlled substances., resisting arrest... the list went on and on. Phil was the patsy that led upward to the Times Square hierarchy. At this point, his insanity made him of little use to anyone. He was cut loose from operations, although Stella kept tabs on him and George Payne forlornly missed him.

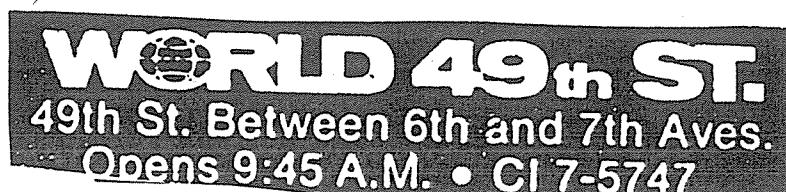
In the mid-1980s, Times Square was being dismantled. Mrs. Wilson had one of her Haitian handyman, Nelson, carry prints like **Confessions of a Psycho Cat** out of the Venus Theater attic and over to the Cameo. The prints were her property. She knew that the video scavengers were hunting for them and wanted them safeguarded before the Venus doors got padlocked. One of the last acts Mrs. Wilson performed before her death in the 1990s was to remake the Cameo into her all-male palace named the Adonis, which had been originally located on 50th Street and 8th Avenue. When the Board of health belatedly shut the all-male theaters, the Cameo's space was then converted into an Indo-Paki peep scumatorium called the Playpen.

The roughie theaters had become lethal due to AIDS. The audience attendance rapidly declined, leaving only the insane behind. The police turned up at the Venus, stated that the theater was being shut by the City of New York, and quietly and gently told the audience and staff to leave. No arrests were made, but Danny, the projectionist, and Wayne, who was the cashier, were out of careers they had held around the Deuce since the 1960s. Mrs. Wilson died and her daughter, Bondi Wilson, took over the reins of the operations. Bondi sold the Venus to developers who immediately razed it and turned it into an after theater Italian tourist trap, the Daniella Restaurant.

The Big Apple and Capri bit the dust at the outset of the 1990s when the city authorities padlocked their doors. As were all the adult houses. Their spaces vacantly sat with neon orange legal notices plastered to their front doors. It was like a postapocalyptic **Last Picture Show** of AIDS. The World Theater eventually became another tourist trap bar/restaurant. The Lincoln Art went through various names and permutations, showing art films and Hollywood revivals. At one point it was a showcase for Hindustani musicals, showing how much New York had changed.

The Rialto One turned into a Cineplex Odeon. It's now been transformed into the virtual reality family entertainment center.

By 1996 all traces of the roughie grindhouses were wiped off the face of the earth. But the films, which were the life force of those houses and the blood that ran through their veins, remain. Hate springs eternal.



POSTCARDS TO MRS. WILSON

Every day the mailman would come to the Eros Theater and every day there would be mail from David Louis Schwartz. Schwartz was a rich, psychotic real estate lawyer with a secret side that found male Latino hustlers irresistible. But he had his little secret under wraps. Despite occasional bruises and black eyes that he explained away as "muggings," his wife and colleagues had no suspicions. Schwartz' trysts were kept to hotel rooms rented by the hour.

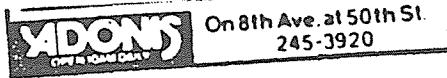
When his firm, Cravath Swain & Moore, was in the process of moving to a new office plaza at 49th Street and 8th Avenue, Schwartz went bonkers. All of his twisted, pent up sexual energy became focused at Chelly Wilson. Wilson's all-male theater, the Adonis, a beehive of Latino hustling, would be right downstairs. Being confronted on a daily basis with his erotomanias would be all too much. He wanted what Mrs. Wilson had, but that could never be. She was to be gotten rid of.

Schwartz made a polite offer to Mrs. Wilson for lunch. Never one to turn away prospective moneymaking, she agreed to a meeting at the Ozeki Restaurant, a sushi place on 23rd Street and 6th Avenue. Mrs. Wilson owned the building which housed Ozeki. On behalf of Times Square redevelopers, Schwartz made Mrs. Wilson an offer for her property. It was a lot of money, but it still wasn't enough to be worth her while. He got intense on her. She gladhand him off.

Since Schwartz couldn't get his way legally, he went on a deranged hate campaign against Mrs. Wilson. The postcards arrived sometimes three times a day at the Eros Theater. Brad, the projectionist, was told by the Eros' manager, Phil Todero, that the postcards were coming from "a real nut, a laywer. We've already told the police." Rocks were also being regularly thrown through Ozeki's front window.

These hi-jinks continued until Schwartz' firm moved to 49th Street and 8th Avenue at the close of the 1980s. For his arrival, Mrs. Wilson planned a very special greeting. She had her Haitian handyman, Nelson, climb the Adonis Theater marquee on a rickety wooden ladder and do some creative lettering: "50TH STREET WELCOMES MR. SCHWARTZ." When Schwartz saw that, he nearly had a coronary.

Fortunately for Mrs. Wilson, this all screeched to an abrupt halt when Schwartz was stabbed over 25 times by one of his pickups, Raymond Childs, a Puerto Rican hustler in his early twenties. Childs was apprehended quickly, though. He'd gone on a manic spending spree with Schwartz's lifted credit cards. After hearing of his death, Phil Todero quipped that "honey, the Adonis Theater was too good for Schwartz."



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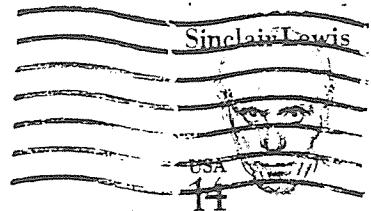
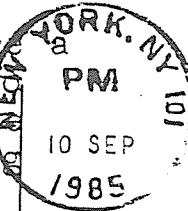
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Yes, you old with, you are a disgrace to the Jews and your grandchildren! Imagine an old hag over 80 selling filthy pornography and allowing sodomy, fellatio, & masturbation in her movie houses! It is a disgrace against Christ Our Lord! Mr. Bitsis & Rev. Falwell said—"revoke her citizenship and deport her to Greece where she belongs!"

Very Rev. Calvin Knox, DD
United Evangelical Gospel
League of New York for
Christ Our Saviour.

YOU LIED TO ME IN OZEKI
Now you will pay for it!!!
2708

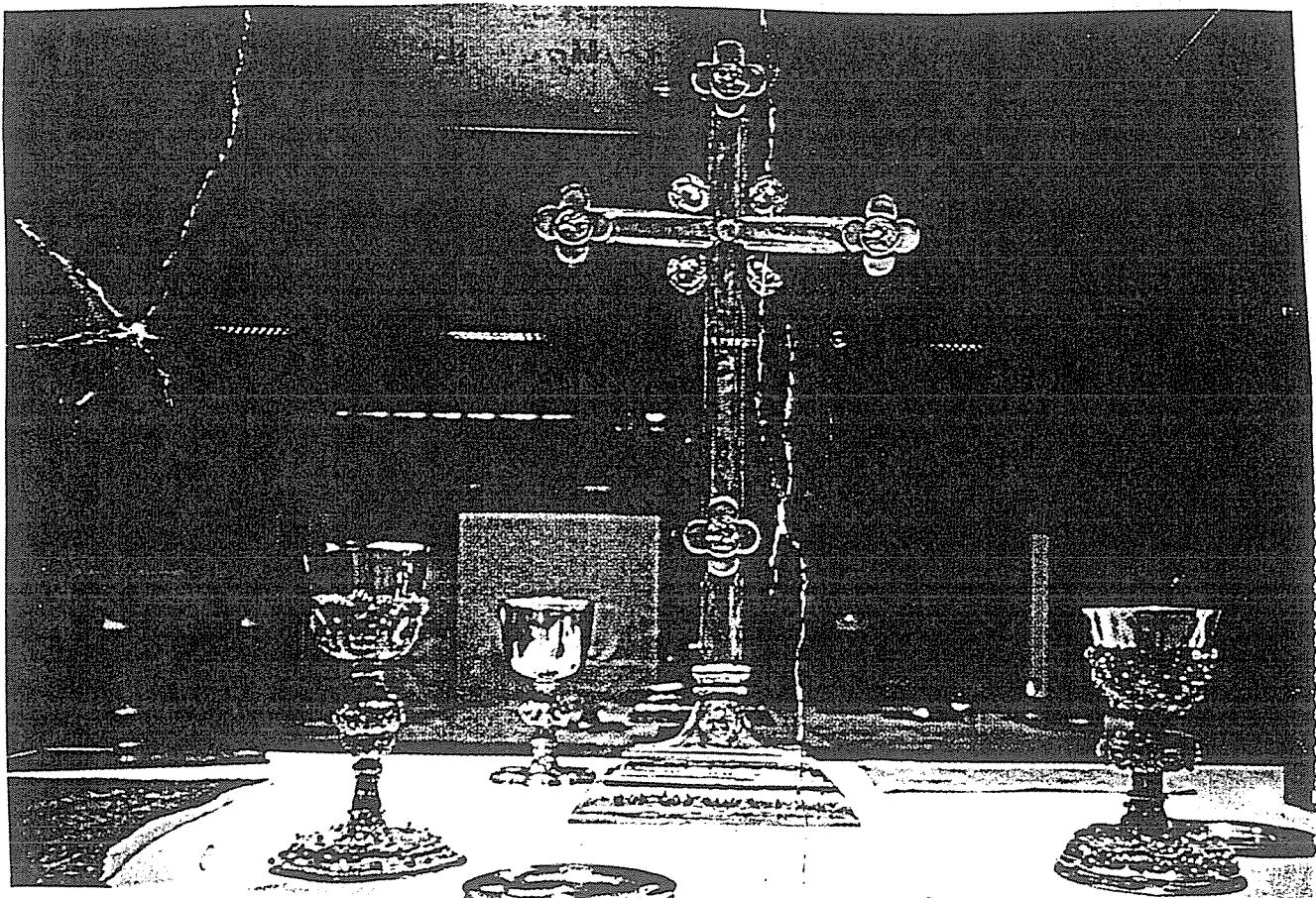
Foto: C.G.Bäckström



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SCANKORT





"When does Waterpower start?" - Mr. Sleazoid at the Rialto, 1986

Photo: Michelle

ZEBEDY COLT '76

by

Michelle and Bill

1976 was Zebedy Colt's biggest and boldest year as an entertainer. Zebedy lived on 91 Christopher Street, the East Coast's gay mecca in the heart of the West Village. Besides his films, he was known by the gay cognoscenti for his album of traditional love songs with the twist of the songs being sung from one man to another.

Zebedy had his highest profile hardcore role as Jamie Gillis' bisexual butler in Gerard Damiano's **The Story of Joanna**. At the same time the film was playing, he was performing in a Broadway play, understudying for Tim Curry. A bunch of top ranking British actors were in the audience and rushed to meet him after the show. They'd visited the Deuce only blocks away, had seen him in **The Story of Joanna** and were awestruck. One actress swooned, "darling, you can be my butler any time."

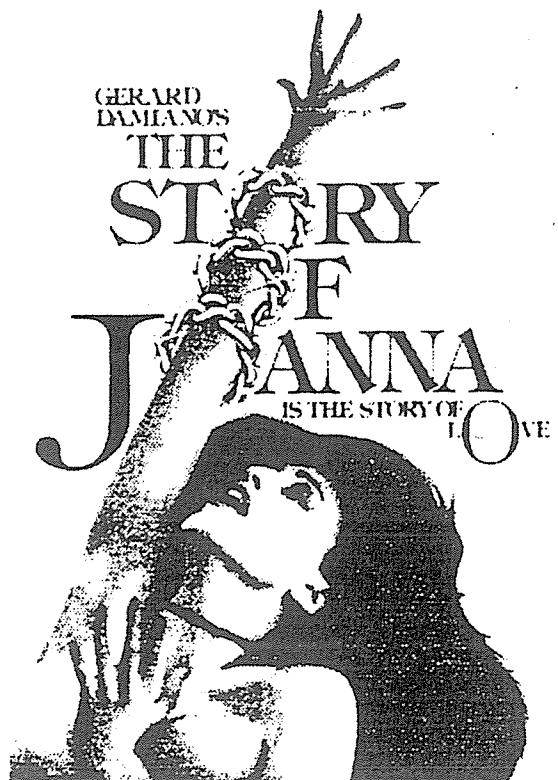
Zebedy Colt began his life in entertainment as a Depression-era Hollywood child actor in the 1930s. He starred with Shirley Temple in Baby Burlesques and appeared as a piano prodigy in the Marx Brothers' **Duck Soup**. Zebedy's mother was very sympathetic and supportive of his acting career.

As a teenager, Zebedy attended UCLA and was a close associate of Curtis Harrington and Kenneth Anger, two other directors who would ultimately tie together underground and exploitation. At this time in the 1940s, gay life was clandestine. It took nerve to enter into the homosexual secret society at the risk of public humiliation, emotional and career destruction. Colt, Anger and Harrington reacted to this life situation by making films that were considered radical sexual statements.

During the 1950s Zebedy was in the supporting cast of such Hollywood films as **The Ten Commandments**. Throughout the 1960s he

appeared in numerous stage productions, working with the likes of Anthony Newley. Zebedy got into hardcore as he hit middle age in the mid-1970s. He needed the rent.

Zebedy committed to film some of the most twisted visions of sex and violence. He starred in, directed and wrote the films under producer Leonard Kirtman's shoestring budgets. Zebedy had answered an ad for Kirtman, one of New York's first one day wonder hardcore producers. Kirtman made **Party At Kitty and Studs** with Sylvester Stallone. He was known for his obnoxious, non-paid "auditions." Male actors were told to stick their dick through a glory hole and be filmed orgasming, a process that built up shystie Kirtman's come shot library. Personally, Kirtman liked to swing a little. He'd hire a guy who'd fail at the sex and jump in to save the day, giving a little performance of his own.



Zebedy astounded Kirtman with his list of legitimate credits, professional abilities and terrific cinematic ideas. Another factor in Zebedy's favor is that he didn't get high. Maybe a glass of wine during dinner, but he was never inebriated. Work work work – that's what Zebedy's about, with, as he puts it, "sex being the ultimate drug."

Like most of Zebedy's 1976 films, **THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS** is shot at a large house owned by Kirtman in bucolic upstate New York. The film is a good natured backwoods romp opening with director/star Zebedy singing the theme song. Zebedy, with full beard, plays Pa to Gloria Leonard's Ma. Their three girls find their way into all manner of frisky situations, including water sports with their brother, Sonny Boy. The whole family winds up fucking and sucking three escaped cons, lead by celebrity skin surprise Spaulding Gray. Familiar to mainstream audiences from his monologues like **Swimming to Cambodia** or as Fran Drescher's neurotic shrink

in **The Nanny**, Gray claims his face looked "like Artaud's" in the film. Nah, he looks far from insane and comes across as a relaxed hardcore performer. As the daughters, Susan McBain, Nancy Dare and Marlene Willoughby are their sexy selves. **The Farmer's Daughters** is funny without distracting from the erotic impact, featuring continuous open air hayseed sex, and has a unique closing sequence which compresses its storyline and reprises the highlights.

Zebedy discovered Ras Kean in 1975 after Ras passed Kirtman's glory hole test. Ras was a handsome blonde with a New York accent who did a huge amount of high profile work in a short amount of time. He was only on the scene one year.

In **THE AFFAIRS OF JANICE**, Zebedy also tickles the ivories for the soundtrack. His amazing erotic thriller uses audacious sex scenes to unfold its tale of psychosexual unhinging. It's packed with references to other films, from Hollywood classics like **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf** and **Sunset Boulevard** to Ras Kean being photographed like a model out of David Hockney's **A Bigger Splash**. Zebedy plays George, a painter whose alcohol soured marriage to Martha (Renee Sanz) is livened by

continuous cocktail parties and indiscretions. As he works on a nude portrait of Ras, his other model C.J. Laing seduces both Ras and Martha. Zebedy's circuits get fried and he poses Ras and C.J. together for a terminal portrait. He dunks them both in silver paint and fists C.J. to death.

The Affairs of Janice has a compelling storyline filled with twists and turns told with Warholian dialogue and cinematic techniques. Kinky wrinkles such as watersports, underwater and outdoor sex, and a shocking S&M climax fly through the film like sparklers. The threeway between Ras, C.J. and Renee is a look at all the sexual possibilities triolists enjoy. The excellent performances in both erotic and dramatic realms made **The Affairs of Janice** a film audiences would sit through over and over.

Zebedy's **THE DEVIL INSIDE HER** was a psychedelic sadistic orgy. Zebedy is a Puritan father who beats daughter Terri Hall with a

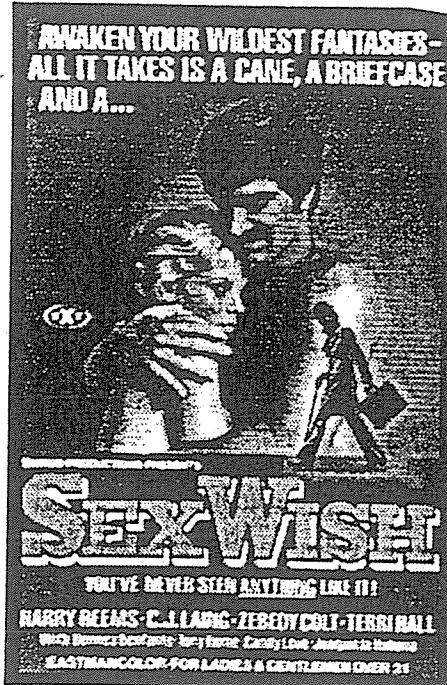


switch. Jody Maxwell is his other daughter, who falls under the spell of a leatherman devil who twists his balls and can, it seems, take any amount of pain. Annie Sprinkle is the receptacle of a triple vaginal penetration, followed by multicolored piss. By the time it hit theaters, these scenes, all of which are in the trailer, were excised from theatrical prints to go to private collectors and avoid obscenity charges.

Zebedy's most ambitious and disturbing movie was **UNWILLING LOVERS**. It was originally titled **Mama's Boy**, but was changed by producer Kirtman. Zebedy plays a mentally retarded man whose development was arrested due to childhood trauma. His father (also played by Zebedy) attempted to rape his mother and they fell off a cliff into a waterfall, killing his father and crippling his mother. The mother is a wheelchair bound monster who thinks all sex is bad. Zebedy grows into a man who's had to listen to this his whole life. This drives him to peek on couples, kill them and fuck the dead girls' bodies. Jody Maxwell plays the housekeeper, who's fucking the gardener. They share their love with Zebedy, allowing him to watch and participate, but he inevitably snaps on them, too.

Out of Zebedy Colt's many unconventional offerings, **Unwilling Lovers** stands out as the most psychically naked. It illuminates the incomplete world of the couples chaser, with all its inherent emotional and sexual desperation. Particularly unnerving is the finale, where Zebedy goes off on his mother, shedding the infantile armor to expose the rage filled adult man she has made of him. Zebedy's usual ensemble players are present, including Terri Hall, Nancy Dare in a lovers lane scene gone awry, and C.J. Laing and Annie Sprinkle as streetwalkers. All cast members contribute fine character sketches. As the leading lady, Jody Maxwell, usually billed as "the singing cocksucker from Missouri," gives a fully developed performance. The scene where Zebedy observes and joins in with Jody and her lover is unique in the pantheon of straight porn films. **Unwilling Lovers** was the couples chaser favorite at the Doll Theater.

SEX WISH was written, directed and photographed by Tim McCoy (a pseudonym for New York ad man Victor Milk) using Zebedy as its centrifugal force. He gives his most psychotic performance ever. Pulling out all the stops, audiences at 42nd Street's Rialto Theater sat spellbound. Clad in bowler hat, black suit and sword cane, and carrying a briefcase filled with sadist implements, Zebedy plays a lunatic driven to home invasion, rough sex and murder. Barging in on and torturing women aren't enough. Zebedy also forces his way into a black couple's



apartment, makes them do a live show at gunpoint, murders them, and castrates the man. During this entire perverted display, he throws infantilism into the cauldron, acting like a 50 year old bad baby, screaming "make nice nice." Harry Reems plays the fiance of victim C.J. Laing, an earnest good guy. Reems is on Zebedy's trail, tracking him to a transvestite bar in the West Village. When he finds Zebedy performing in drag, he shoots him in front of the audience. **Sex Wish** is a concise carnal dictionary with a bit of everything, from the lyrical to the terminal. Part stalker exploitation movie, part prurient smoker, part personality portrait of a sexual wreck, **Sex Wish** was the square peg in the round porno chic hole.

SHARON was directed by mob-connected Dutchman Navred Reef, who himself inadvertently became the star of a roughie snuff film. Reef was murdered and the crime was recorded by his videotape security system. Half of **Sharon**'s hour long running time is padded out by scratchy, rehashed New York loops. The rest of the scenes provide the semblance for a storyline and a perverse showcase for its two outrageous stars, Zebedy Colt and Jean Jennings. The narrative thrust concerns Zebedy's pathological carnal urges for his nubile teenage daughter (Jean). Flaunting a seedy mustache and Broadway molasses accent, Zebedy's in full tilt as he gets in on with blonde, baton twirling, denim



mini-skirted Jean, who calls him "The dirtiest old man in the county! And with your own daughter, too!" He bellows exclamations and declares off kilter Biblically tinged rationalizations for their relationships like "SEED OF MY SEED," "FLESH OF MY FLESH" as he leads Jean from soapy shower fucks to threesomes, and peeks on her solo double-headed dildo DP. **Sharon** was supposedly shot in Atlanta, Georgia, but the only evidence of this is a few shots of suburban houses taken from a moving car window. Jean Jennings... so young, so clean-cut, so uninebriated... does it all -- and she's blonde all over, too. She's a dirty old man's dream.

Zebedy made his own starring vehicle for Jean, **VIRGIN DREAMS**, in which Jean weds Wade Nichols. He also created one for Terri Hall, **TERRI'S REVENGE**, in which Terri goes on a rampage against rapists. On top of this already staggering body of work, Zebedy appeared in numerous other straight and gay hardcore features. Zebedy and squareheaded Al Levitsky played horny American tourists in Navred Reef's **PLAYGIRLS OF MUNICH** and **DUTCH TREAT**. He appeared as a scholarly type in Henry Paris' **MARASCHINO CHERRY** and as a barber in Roberta Findlay's atrocious **NAUGHTY NURSES**. Zebedy starred alongside Harry Reems in **THE AMAZING DR. JEKYLL** and played Dr. Watson to Reems' Sherlock Holmes in **THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF**

SHERLOCK HOLMES. The latter film was shot back to back with a gay version, **THE GAY ADVENTURES OF SURELICK HOLMES**, sans Reems. Zebedy's most bizarre acting job was for director David Durston of **I Drink Your Blood** fame. Durston cast Zebedy, Wade Nichols and Jamie Gillis in his 3-D all male movie, **MANHOLD**.

* * *

Today, Zebedy is what's known as a sexy senior citizen. He directs and appears in dinner theater productions in and around New Jersey. Zebedy also does voice over work for TV commercials. He was recently the voice of Ronald McDonald. Zebedy lives in an adult community and enjoys pinnacle games with neighbors who don't have a hint of his wild past.

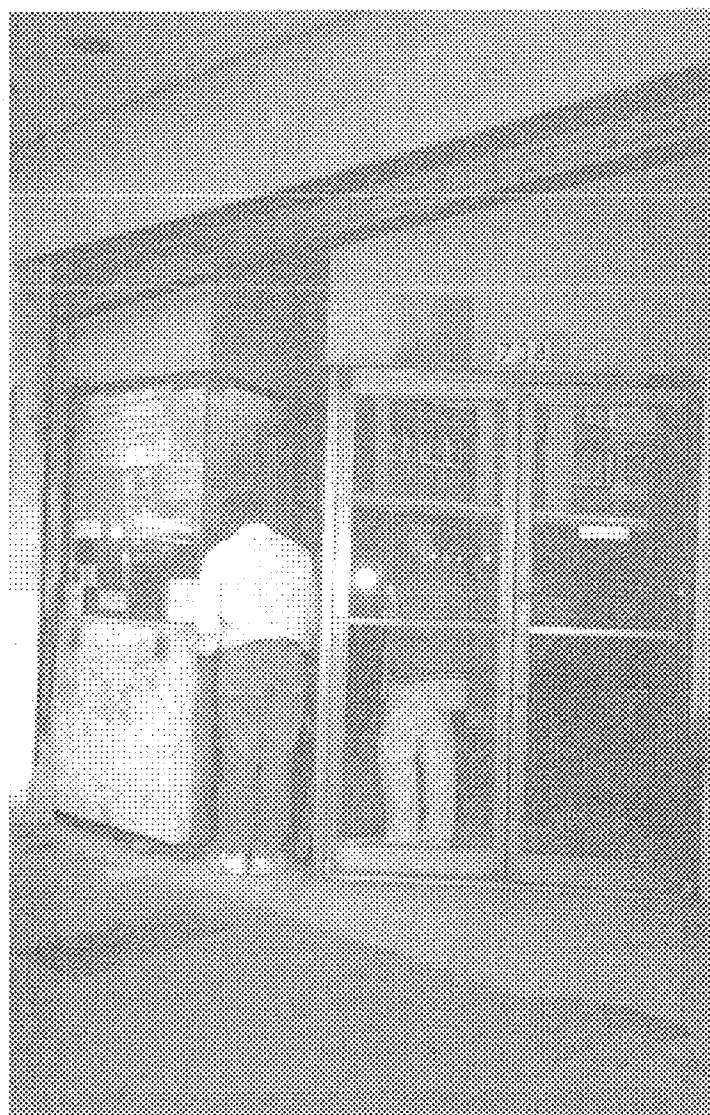


Photo: Michelle

The Venus Cashbox:
Black Terry the projectionist and
Mary, the cashier from the Eros

Photo: Michelle



A loop is a mini sex film shot on 16mm and transferred to 8mm for peep booth or home enjoyment. Loops have their own style and aesthetic. Like ghosts or dreams, they silently visualize the libidinal desires of the viewer without any pretenses to social propriety.

High voltage scenes are not always so easy to bring to life. Logistics, equipment, and the expenses of creating an acceptable setting with an agreeable playmate can be tough. These loops provide immediate relief for those who aren't in the circumstances to make their fantasies reality. Some fantasies are so grandiose and severe that voyeurism becomes the end in itself.

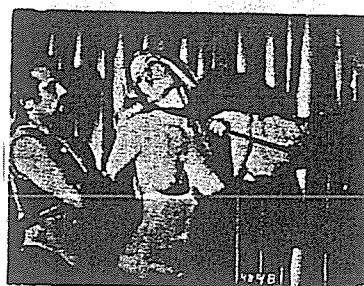
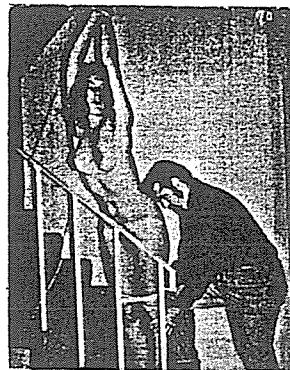
In the 1950s, link loops were initiated by New York's Klaw family. Their infamous bondage model Betty Page was spanked and bound. She also preened and wrested. In the 1960s, lyricism fell away and aggressive S&M scenes with rough sex emerged. Throughout the sensually liberated 1970s, the focus shifted to taboo loops which showcased bondage, sadism, masochism, fetishism, rape, piercing, spanking, golden showers, prosthetics, female wrestling, deformities and amputeeism.

In New York, the wildest peep loops were available at specialty stores like Kinematics, a dinky sized emporium dedicated to catfights and bondage. Small adult bookstores dotting 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues drew customers through product lines dedicated entirely to sadomasochistic

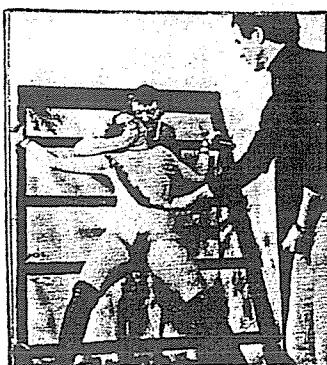
fantasy visualization. *Fetish Times*, America's national monthly S&M newspaper, worked as a bulletin board announcing offers of various 8mm loops for sale. Throughout this network, loops were known by numbers, category and obscure initials like TAO, HOM and RDF.

KINK LOOPS

by
Michelle and Bill



#401 - WW



R. D. F.



The most severe and best selling loops emanated out of Times Square. They were made by the New York based company *RDF*. *RDF* loops appeared in a huge amount of peep booths, and their catalog was advertised in the back pages of sex newspapers. The catalog was a personal, homemade affair, typewritten and illustrated with still photos from the loops, along with vintage S&M artwork.

RDF's torture loops were the descendants of the episodic Irving Klaw loops and Eneg artwork of the 1950s. *RDF*'s loops were not a party. The basic schematic frequently involved two men torturing a submissive girl under the supervision and instigation of a dominant woman. Nobody smiles. Loops with titles like *Captured Agent* and *Inquisition* involve abduction, interrogation and dehumanizing training sessions. There is whipping, suspension, rope bondage, menace with knives, cigarettes purposefully ground out on breasts. Brief, aggressive flashes of hardcore sex appear between prosthetic penetration scenes utilizing dildos on the ends of sticks and whips.

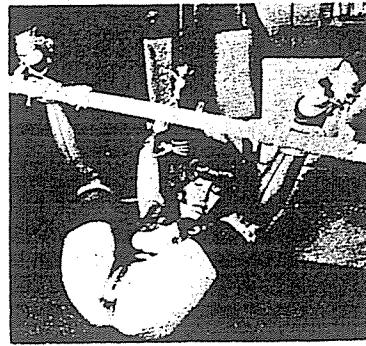
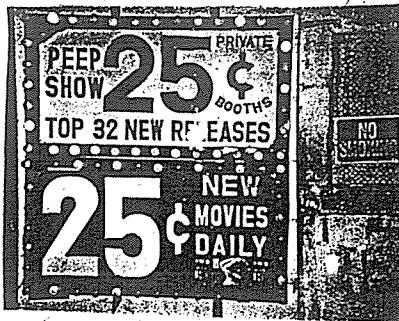
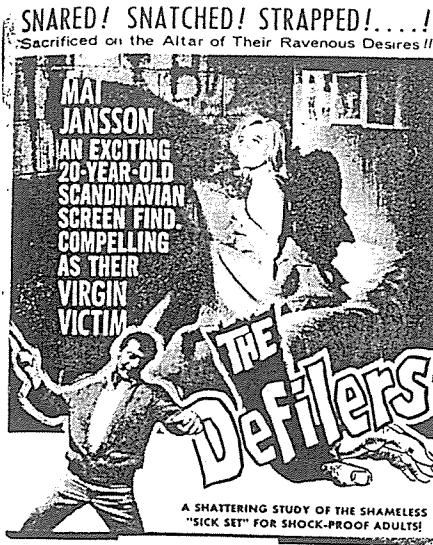
The appeal of the *RDF* loops lies in their grim immediacy. Viewers speculated: Who were these people? How did they end up in such a sex and violence driven moment? In reality, the women were hardboiled, dedicated pros who worked in S&M houses. The men -- George Payne, Dave Ruby, Al Levitsky -- were all veterans of roughie feature films. They're photographed to be muscular bodies without distracting viewers from the action, yet each added their own distinct aura. Payne appears as hyper and intense as ever, Levitsky basks in his own narcissistic glory, and Ruby seems like a haywire AWOL Army private.

RDF loops were produced by a compulsive, white haired old man who obsessively produced his own pornography. The old man hired directors like Carter Stevens, chose the girls, and then would tell the male performers to hit the victims as hard as they could. "She's into it," he'd whisper. The performers were

completely consenting and experienced. Several loops were shot at a dominance house just outside of Newark, New Jersey; the cast had been driven from Manhattan by van, making it difficult to suddenly walk out. The actual set was less a torture chamber than an area cleared for bondage equipment. Approximately seven loops were shot over two fifteen hour days. The overall effect wasn't so much agony, but a chronic, throbbing pain, like a toothache. You just endure the wriggling and wait for the extraction. The old man's subsequent editing of the loops involved great care and took him months, as he reviewed the frames over and over.

Another enormously popular company was California's *Roxbury Press*, which had some of the most ubiquitously seen loops in adult bookstores. *Roxbury Press* promoted its mail order business through a large pictorial ad in *Fetish Times*. Their loops veered from the titillating to the shocking, with a broader range of storylines than *RDF*. *Roxbury Press* had a flair for the arcane, with archetypical S&M situations and costumes, elaborately detailed sets utilizing well chosen bondage equipment, and a penchant for using youthful looking, though clearly adult, women. Hardcore sex was only applied if the situation begged for it.

Roxbury Press' best and most widely seen loop is the legendary *Girls Behind Bars*, a riff on the girls' reformatory theme. A prison matron, immaculately dressed in a uniform with British dominance overtones, drags Serena, who's clad in a short skirt and white shirt with dirty bare feet, into the "INTERROGATION" room. Serena is whipped, suspended, kicks her tormentor, gets tied to a ladder, is sexually degraded and finally collapses in tears. *Girls Behind Bars* offers fantasy fulfillment scenes within a linear narrative structure. The key to its success is Serena's tremendous presence and charisma. She has the white trash sexiness of a runaway found at a Led Zeppelin concert and arrested for vagrancy. Her performance is as intense and overwhelming as any silent screen star, with closeups of her facial expressions shifting from apprehension, to defiance and, finally, submission.



#401 - Q1

MALE AND FEMALE SODOMY,

MASTURBATION,

5c

Other *Roxbury Press* hits included *Roots of Slavery*, featuring a black girl with an Afro dressed in a maid's uniform. She's spanked and pilloried by a white couple, an effective rendition of an interracial S&M fantasy. Vaginal piercings were shocking before self mutilation became an pseudo-acceptable identity stance. In *The Piercing of Andrea*, A man obviously experienced with intravenous drug use puts diabetic syringes to use in a bound woman's pussy. What would seem like an appalling act of hate instead emerges as an S&M party with a group of stoned, consensual and unsurprised freaks.

House of Milan loops, merchandised with accompanying magazines and still sets, set a quality standard for west coast B&D. Craftsmanlike in their execution, with sharp camerawork and suburban California settings, *House of Milan*'s loops were situational rather than narrative driven. They generally fell into three categories: domestic discipline, intruders with stocking masks, and miscellaneous traditional kinks, such as pony girls. Hardcore sex is completely eschewed. *House of Milan* loops feature plain but pretty women and unmemorable men. The females are clad in classically fetishistic outfits of garters and high heels, a more seventies take on the Betty Page costuming. They are put into an elaborate rope bondage with *House of Milan*'s trademark red ball gag. At their most obvious, *House of Milan* loops are graphic depictions of female subjection, yet they could also be interpreted as displays of female strength. The women aren't passive victims but are physically assertive in their struggle against the ties that bind, lending the films a primal erotic conflict.

TAO, a Marina Del Rey based company, has a dedicated viewer following for their loops, which celebrated female strength. *TAO* loops are strictly fetish material and do not address hardcore sex. *TAO* appealed to voyeurs who would love to endlessly watch robust women in athletic struggles. If a man looked at these situations too intently in real life, he'd elicit a "Hey! What are you looking at?" *TAO* loops froze these moments, allowing the voyeur to stare and keep staring.

TAO's stock in trade was female wrestling. They produced an enormous amount of loops featuring wrestling matches between rough trade types. Buxom girls clad in bikini tops and denim cutoffs. An ensemble of TAO wrestlerettes were featured, with an occasional guest star such as Serena, who appears in The Switch Miss. The wrestlerettes developed such a worshipful following that TAO developed a fan club for them. TAO's bondage loops include the superb Sold Into Slavery, which depicts the ordeal of a well built blonde in the tent of an Arab sheik. She's bound with ropes, and when she tries to escape, she gets caught and is hung upside down in a gymnastic manner, left to sway with her long hair sweeping the floor. The color scheme is red, black, pink and white, with fades and dissolves adding to the dreamy quality.

Rene Bond, a hipster icon of both soft and hardcore movies, turns up in early 1970s California bondage loops. Rene's dominant persona here is a jarring change from the vague sweet young thing she usually plays. In It Takes A Thief, she brutally handles another girl. Pushing her victim around, Rene ties her up, and gags the girl with a dollar bill, shoving it down her throat.

Big tits were another peep booth standard. Such ubiquitous bust idols as Candy Samples and Sue Nero appeared in hard action loops featuring tit fucking, a kink in itself. Sue often appeared with black men, giving her a special niche with mixed combo fans.



Lasse Braun



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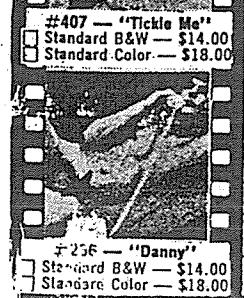
- #9 PUSSY PIRATE \$5 Wierd sex game
- #10 ERIKA GETS IT UP \$5 Woman & two guys
- #11 THE DILDO \$5 Little girl - Big dildo
- #12 ANIMAL ANTICS \$5 Woman & a horse
- ALL FOUR PARTS \$15
- ALL FOUR USED \$10



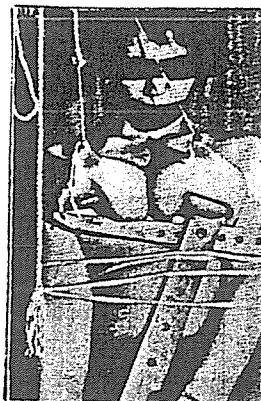
#401 - BB



#417 - "Suck"
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#236 - "Danny"
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PROSTITUTION

Satisfaction...

**DISCOVERING
ORGASM**

THE CIKINGS

USE ENTIRE

Virtually every bookstore had its "European" section, which was a password for forbidden sexuality. The king of European loops was Alberto Ferro, a.k.a. the notorious Lasse Braun. Hailing from Rome, Braun became involved in anarchism during the Paris student upheavals in the late 1960s, and found pornography an acceptable outlet philosophically, sexually and financially. By the mid-1970s, Braun had a large Amsterdam studio, and was considered the finest and most prolific loop producer in the world.

Braun made each loop completely unto itself. Excellent production values, professional camerawork and convincing casting encompassing the entire range of the erotic experience, going from the lyrical to the aberrational. What distinguishes Braun's loops from other 8mm films was their ability to depict a realistic yet

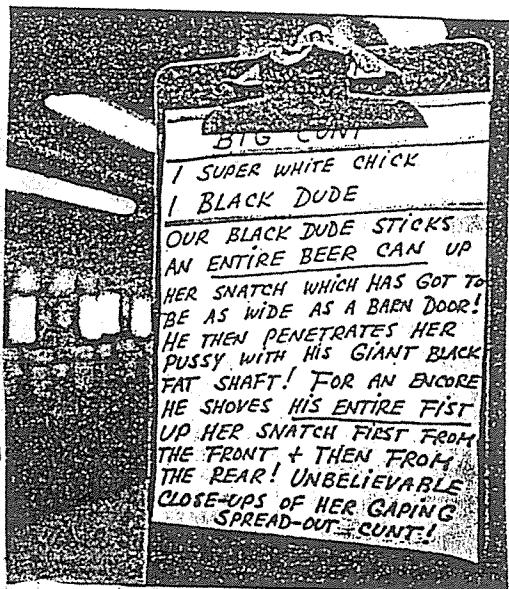
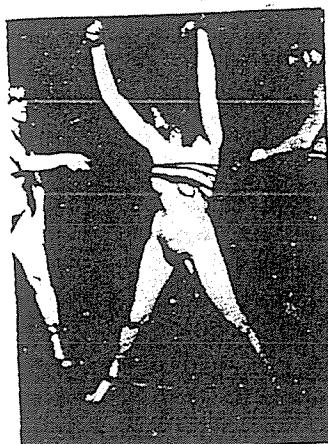
psychedelic sexual situation within a fully developed narrative. The Street depicts a hooker's experience with an uncontrollable client, and Backside Fever, uses a drag queen as the pivotal dual identity figure. Braun also created period pieces. The Vikings was a violent mediation on male aggression and rape. The rollicking and sexy Casanova loops were wee sized costume epics. No matter how graphic the loop or bizarre the situation, Braun displays a respect for the sexual appetites of all humans, from nymphets to the physically challenged.



Blockhead Al Levitsy



HOW TO MAKE LAUGHING GAS AT HOME



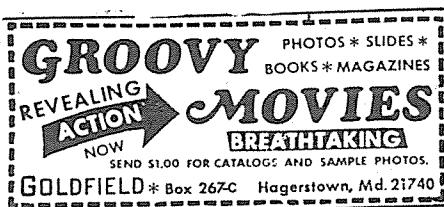
RDF - the old man's collection



THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL
#141 (BW)



#501 - G



R. D. F. COMPANY

The miscellaneous bottom draw loops reveal shocking surprises. Deviations such as watersports, menstruation, electroshock, bloodletting, and the jolt of physical deformities like hunchbacks and amputees become abundant. The depraved Linda Lovelace 8mm films, like Piss Orgy, were made in the early 1970s and proliferated after Linda became the media sensation of the mid-1970s. Their grubbiness is unbearably real, and the loop has powerful appeal to those who find desperation arousing.

Kink loops reveal the side of the collective sexual unconscious that society at large attempts to deny, ignore or hide. After the death of Times Square, videotape has made the viewing experience an even more intensely private experience. The voyeur can now obsess about those special moments in stop motion, slow motion and endless replays.

METASEX



ADDRESSES OF INTEREST

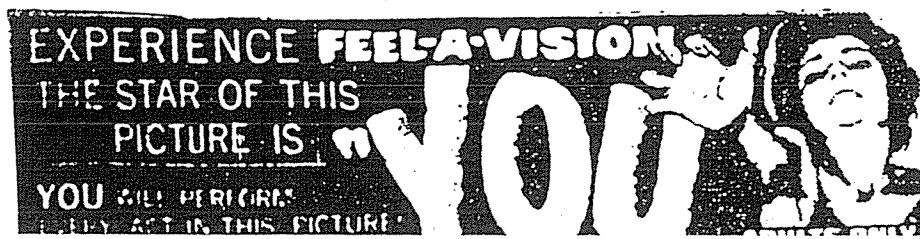
Shocking Video, HC 77, Box 111, Hinton, West Virginia 25951 - Mark Johnston curates an eclectic mix of shock, shlock, arthouse and grindhouse. His third catalog stocks many of the titles reviewed in this issue. Shocking Video has obscure Eurosleaze, S&M and the whole women's prison rainbow. Mark treats his video collection as a jeweler would. Reasonable pricing and excellent tape quality make Shocking Video worth a look.



"What do I do now???"

Phil Prince, 1983

Photo: Michelle





British gangsters, the Kray twins.